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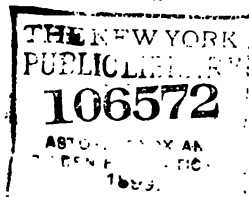
AN  
ESSAY  
ON THE  
HUMAN SOUL.

[J. P. Marat]



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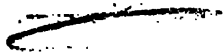
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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**N**Otwithstanding the many works which have been already published upon the Human Soul, this subject is entirely new.

If metaphysical works are but little interesting; if they generally prove dry and tiresome to the Reader, it is the fault of the Writers, not the necessary consequence of the subject.

Should this small Essay meet with public approbation, the Author intends to shew, in a subsequent work, how the observations which are now offered, conduce to the discovery of many important truths.



## ERRATA.

Page 4, line 7 from the bottom, instead of,  
'such as Bacchus is said to have been when de-  
'livered from Jupiter's thigh ;' *read*, 'such as  
'Pallas is said to have been when delivered from  
'Jupiter's brain.'

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## E S S A Y

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E S S A Y

ON THE

H U M A N S O U L.

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OF THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

**W**E have no immediate knowledge of the soul; all we know of it is by its faculties, and its faculties are known to us only by their effects.

Man is sensible of relations not subject to the senses; he has therefore a *sensibility* distinct from that of the body. *percept*

He compares his sensations, he determines their relation and difference; he has therefore a *faculty of judging*. *faculty*

He retains the sensations and ideas which he receives; he therefore must have *memory*. *mem*

He possesses freedom of choice, he may either take or leave; he therefore has a *will*. *will*

These faculties of the soul have been long known to philosophers; modern philosophy acknowledges no other. But if we attentively consider human actions, there evidently appears in the soul another faculty,

B

culty, intirely different from the preceding, and the same with that which we design in animals by the name of *instinct* :  
*inst* I mean a natural bias to particular objects, independent of every idea, and prior to all knowledge.

It is this faculty which regulates the actions of man in the early parts of life ; and sometimes regulates them in the advanced parts, but without being perceived ; for it is not by learning, by experience that infants receive the breast, apply things to the mouth, or extend their hands to the objects around them ; it is not by argument, that they fly from danger, or shun fire when they first feel it to burn.

This principle ever exists in man, but is not always perceived. As it was given us to regulate our actions before reason was sufficiently developed, in proportion as reason appears, instinct is obscured : in those actions in which it afterwards directs us, as we seldom retire within ourselves, we cannot distinguish what we act by reason, from what we act by instinct.

It is a kind of titillation felt in the body that generates love in the soul, but it is instinct that points out the object. - It is this that produces the propensity of one sex to another, and prompts them to perpetuate their species. The same instinct inclines the mother to suckle its infant, which directs the hen to  
 cover

cover her eggs, and the wolf to nourish its young. But if man ever had occasion for this principle, if he ever required its constant assistance, it was in the most early ages. Let us then view man as just escaped from the hand of nature; let us have no recourse to miracles, nor suppose our first parents had extraordinary means of subsistence; let us suppose the laws of nature acting from the *primordia* of things as they act at present, since there is no reason to suppose them to have varied, and supply by philosophical induction that chronology which is unknown.

Man is born feeble and requires strength; he is born entirely unprovided and requires assistance; he is born without knowledge and has occasion for judgment; at his birth even his senses are not developed \*, but supposing they were, he could make no use of them, not having compared his sensations, much less distinguished them; he perceives no external object; in a word he is an almost insensible automaton, an immoveable statue.

The senses gradually develope, and are rendered perfect by exercise; by degrees

\* The eyes indeed discern the light, but discern it indistinctly. The *membrana tympani* being relaxed, there is no hearing, and the nerves being in the same manner inelastic, all the senses are imperfect.

an infant sees and feels; the faculties of the soul afterwards expand and rise to perfection, as those of the body, and by similar means. What shall we make of man during this long interval? In what manner can he be supposed to exist, but by having recourse to celestial aid?

Supposing man, at the instant of his creation, to have been in all respects as a newborn infant, and that nature in the developing of his faculties had pursued the same laws it does at present; is it not evident that he must have perished through hunger, long before he could be capable of providing his own nourishment? The human race therefore must have perished, had our first parents been placed on the earth in the state of infancy: all we are wanting of at our birth, and whatever is requisite for animal subsistence must therefore have been given to them. The necessity of facts obliges us to believe that man came from the hands of the Creator, of full stature, strong and with all the senses in perfection, such as Bacchus is said to have been, when delivered from Jupiter's thigh.

Allowing man to have been thus originated, in full vigour, and his senses in perfection, we have then advanced but very little: in what manner was he afterwards  
to

to subsist? It was not sufficient that he was strong, that he knew the use of his senses and his limbs, he must likewise have been able to distinguish his aliments; without this, his other faculties would have been inutile. It is easily conceived how man in progress of time could have acquired this knowledge; and it is evident that this was not the first knowledge he did acquire. When affected with either hunger or thirst, how did he know that to eat and to drink would satisfy these demands? Let those who pretend to deduce every thing from experience, solve this problem. Confine man to simple reason, and leave him to be instructed by gradual experience, he passes his whole life ere he attains the knowledge of his aliments; and without knowing where to collect them, he perishes of hunger at the foot of a tree laden with fruit, or of thirst on the bank of a river; perhaps from this his ignorance of the fit and unfit, he is poisoned. What then would have become of man without instinct? Who does not see that with this so much boasted reason, the human race had perished, notwithstanding all the precautions nature had taken to preserve it? Some persons evade attributing instinct to man, by saying he imitated beasts; but this is rejecting the difficulty, not solving it.

Man imitated beasts it is said; be it so; this imitative principle must then have been received prior to all knowledge, but how was man first brought to imitate them? besides, doth not this imitation suppose in man a knowledge he could not have acquired, a knowledge of the physical relations of his own nature to that of beasts? How many difficulties must have opposed this imitation! and what a concurrence of circumstances to be imagined! It first must be proved that man was led to observe animals; then by what cause he was induced to imitate them in certain cases only, in those which were conformable to his nature; such as, for instance, when the goat plucked the tendrils of the vine and not the hemlock; otherwise he would have found a poison where he sought for food.]

It is therefore evident, that by attributing to man an instinct, whereby he supported himself in imitation of the instinct of animals, and admitting him to have imitated them in certain cases only, we attribute to him more than reason. It will be more eligible to allow him an instinct, by which he immediately discerned his nourishment; this removes the many difficulties which are the necessary consequences of the other.

Reason

Reason then was not sufficient to man; we must attribute to him an instinct, by which he was directed as other animals to the choice of aliments.

There are five distinct faculties in the soul and only five. Study man so much as you please, observe all the operations of his mind, you will discover no more than instinct, sensibility, memory, understanding and will. The other faculties attributed to the soul, though distinct in appearance, are only results of these five, differently combined.

#### OF INNATE SENTIMENTS.

Beside these faculties, we perceive in the soul an innate sentiment, prior to all sensation, to all idea, to which nature has united the preservation of human beings; I mean *love of one's self*—that powerful principle which irresistibly directs mankind in all their actions, frequently without being perceived, the source of every passion, and the end to which all our desires are directed.

As this love is unbounded, and infinitely more strong than *the love of others*, simple as it is, it has been divided into two sentiments, different in nature and effects; to wit, *love of self*, and *love of preference*: but



it is easily perceived that these two sentiments are but one and the same affection of the soul, by circumstances distinct.

[When the love of self acts simply, man not comparing himself to others, it is a sentiment that excites him to be careful of his own preservation, to seek for pleasure and to fly from pain. When it acts in opposition to the love of others, it is a sentiment that prompts a man to prefer himself and seek his own good, even at the prejudice of his neighbour.]

[In the first case, the love of self prompting us incessantly to pursue happiness, becomes the source of a vast number of pleasing sentiments for the objects of our pleasure. In the second, the love of self annihilates every other sentiment and changes its nature. It is this, which changes fraternal affection to hatred, arms rival brothers, and instigates them to mutual murders on the ruins of a father's throne. It is this, which with savages pours fury into the breast of warriors, renders the victor merciless to the vanquished, and prompts him to devour the entrails of the slain, yet palpitating with life. It is this, which in a city preyed on by the enemy without, and by the famine within, transforms the tender nature of females to savage fury, and arms the mother against  
the

the fruit of her womb.—It is this, in short, that inspires every cruelty, every barbarous and inhuman action, of which nature shudders at the narration.

Another sentiment innate in the human heart, but felt at intervals only, is *parental affection*, that gentle yearning, on which the preservation of our species during infancy depends.

This sentiment is independent of every other, and as blind as instinct itself \*. A modern author has attempted to deduce it from self-love. “The mother, says he, “at first nourishes her little ones for her own good, afterwards for their own.” But how did she know ere she had experienced, that the suckling her child would be of service to herself? Besides, in how many other instances doth this affection appear? Constraint, disagreeable offices, privations of every kind,—these become the duty of a mother, and this troublesome duty she constantly discharges with the loss of pleasure, rest, and often of life:—how many are the dangers some mothers voluntarily undergo for the preservation of their young!

It is no less absurd, to deduce this affection from friendship. On what ideas of

\* We frequently observe hens to hatch and feed ducks, and ducks to hatch and feed chickens.

the merit of a new-born infant, incapable of communicating any pleasure, and scarcely a remove from stupidity, can it be founded? Beside nature ever proportions this sentiment of tenderness to the wants of the child; for mothers so much the more love their young, as they are the more infirm or deformed.

Hence the love of mothers for their children is a sentiment impressed on the human heart, by the hands of the Creator.

#### A REFUTATION OF THE OPINION OF PHILOSOPHERS CONCERNING PITY.

Some philosophers to the number of innate sentiments already mentioned add pity,—that gentle emotion, which represses the love of self, interests him who is at ease in the sufferings of others, and unites by benevolence all human kind.

“ We sympathize with the unhappy,  
“ we weep at the complaints of the misfor-  
“ tunate, and are moved with the cries of  
“ those who are in pain.”

“ At the sight of a ravenous beast, rend-  
“ ing the warm entrails of an infant, and  
“ crushing its tender limbs in its murder-  
“ ing jaws, we feel extreme anguish, and  
“ the soul is excruciated with dreadful  
“ agitations.”

“ Pity

" Pity is a sentiment so natural, that it precedes reflection, even brute animals have manifest traits of it."

" A live horse starts back at the sight of a dead one, one dog licks the wounds of another, and cattle when driven to the place of slaughter, vent doleful cries."

[These are the proofs with which such philosophers support their opinion. At first sight it appears to be well founded, but it is easy to conceive that nature formed not man compassionate. All men have not pity, soldiers but little, butchers less, and children (that, if this maxim were true, should possess the greatest share of it) have the least of all.] *The reason men are a different position due to practice the way*

" Pity is a sentiment so natural that the brute creation have many traits of it."

What foundation is there for this assertion?

" A live horse starts back at the sight of a dead one, one dog licks the wounds of another, and cattle when driven to the place of slaughter, vent doleful cries."

But who is assured that this is not an instinct peculiar to beasts? Who knows, if these external signs be not the effect of some disagreeable sensation, or rather of fear excited by the horror of the spectacle, than marks of compassion?

In

In man the external marks of pity are not pity itself; we may have the strongest appearance of being affected, but feel not the least emotion. A person may zealously assist in the dressing of wounds, easing painful limbs, alleviating misfortunes, only from the hope of being so relieved himself; another from a motive of being upon good terms with Heaven, and a third wholly from the pleasure of virtue.

*reminds with feeling is & de- likewise has a - in - e, but he is*  
 [The man who is witness of the sufferings of the misfortunate and compassionates their lot, is a man of pity. Now with a little reflection, it is easy to understand that pity is a forged sentiment, acquired from society; it is founded on the idea of pain, and the relations which man forms to himself with sensible beings. For to bewail the miseries of others, he must first have felt them himself; he that has never suffered has no idea of pain, and is unmoved at the tears, complaints, the long and vehement cries of the sorrowful heart. But to sympathize with others, the knowledge of their sufferings is not sufficient; a man must likewise believe himself not exempt from the same. When we meet a misfortunate person, from whose misfortunes we believe ourselves to be secure, his complaints do not affect us; in his wounds we discover an odious spectacle only, a frightful

frightful object, we shun the sight, pass at a distance, and commiserate him not. ]

Hence by condoling the afflictions of others we condole ourselves, considering that the same lot may happen to our own share; in this respect, it is a true subject of commiseration.

“ Finally, to commiserate others, we  
“ must be acquainted with their sufferings,  
“ but not feel them. When a person has  
“ once suffered, and is fearful of suffering  
“ again, he bewails those who suffer; but  
“ when himself suffers, himself is the only  
“ person he bemoans. In every station  
“ subject to the miseries of life, we allow  
“ to others that sensibility we require not  
“ for ourselves.” Pity is then only our  
sensibility, in thought directed towards  
those, in whose circumstances we suppose  
ourselves to be. Thus pity and the love of  
self are always in inverse proportion.

[Those that fare sumptuously and live in  
perfect resignation to pleasure, are not any-  
ways affected by the sufferings of others;  
their sensibility is fixed on themselves, they  
are negligent of all beings besides, and are  
stepped against the sufferings of humanity.]  
In proportion as this love of self increases,  
pity always declines, and frequently be-  
comes extinct.

He who at present attends to, and bemoans the evil of your misfortunes, was he your enemy would aggravate, not relieve them.

*Nero*, who wished he had never learned to write when pressed to sign the warrant for a criminal's execution, could delight in the murder of his enemies. The tyrant \*, that loudly deplored the fate of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*, could hear without emotion the cries of those he had doomed to destruction.

[Pity is not only destroyed by the passions, it is nourished by tender sentiments, and rendered extinct by the frequency of those objects, which ought to confirm it. By frequently attending the bloody feasts, which in some great cities are given by luxury to idleness, you will not experience those strong emotions you had hitherto felt at the cries of mangled animals; you in time will attend to them with pleasure, and wait impatiently for their repetition. By a long continuance of them, the soul becomes callous to their impressions, unaffected at the prospect of human miseries, and insensible to every tender emotion.]

[Does not the foregoing prove that pity is not a native of the human breast?]

\* Alexander, tyrant of Phares.

Sensibility,

X Sensibility, instinct, understanding, memory, will, love of self, parental affection; to these the number of the different powers of the soul is reduced.

When we consider the mutual dependence and combination of these different powers, we perceive every production of genius, every prodigy of the passions, all the surprising phenomena of the human mind, to be produced by their combination.

Admirable harmony! where so small a number of simple causes are so incomprehensibly united, as to produce so many effects, and effects so greatly surprising.

The different faculties and various sentiments immediately received by the soul from nature being discovered, I now proceed to examine these faculties, see how they operate, and how they combine.

OF SENSIBILITY.

The nature of the sensibility of the soul is not better known than that of the body: all our knowledge of it is, that sensibility both in the soul and body is a passive faculty, requiring the impression of external objects to set it in action.

The different impressions sensibility receives may be ranged, in respect to the nature of their objects, into two classes, sensations and sentiments.

The



The first arise from material objects, the latter from moral ones. These are the relations of beings as distinguished by the understanding. Those the physical relations of material objects to the organs of sense, transmitted to the soul by the fluid of the nerves.

#### OF INSTINCT.

Instinct, occult faculty, without principle, without knowledge, the mode of whose operations is so singular, and besides intirely accomplished by nature, interests us but very little. The notice I shall take of it as I proceed, will therefore be very inconsiderable.

#### OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

All our knowledge of the understanding is that of its operations only; we are ignorant of its essence, as we are of that of the thought. But how great this faculty! how surprising its operations! an active principle, it perceives objects, compares, unites and disjoins them in a thousand manners, and pronounces on their relations: by these different combinations it acquires the knowledge of things, unravels the system of the universe, transports us into futurity, brings to our times past  
ages,

ages, collects into one point all the pleasures of life, extends our existence beyond the grave, and triumphs over death itself.

[The understanding, though active by nature, has undoubtedly occasion of the sensations to commence its action, but operates of itself when this assistance is received; the will determines the objects, but the understanding only perceiveth them, pronounces on their relations, and forms its judgment without our interposition.

There are two powers of the understanding (equally active, but entirely different,) which philosophers have ever confounded \*, I mean the power of perceiving objects, of considering and comparing them, and the power of pronouncing on their relations. One serves as the basis of the other, and necessarily precedes it: by the first, we compare the different sensations in their several appearances; by the second, we pronounce on their relations, and thence form our ideas.

We distinguish likewise in the understanding too different operations in respect to their objects, which philosophers have taken, for I know not what cause, as two

\* The understanding operates with so great activity in certain cases, and the judgments follow so extremely close in others, that they are easily confounded.

different faculties of the soul; to wit, *reason* and *imagination*.

When the faculty of thinking is exercised in comparing sensations, which are either immediately received, or transmitted from the memory, and when it pronounces on their real relations, it is called *reason*. When this same faculty is exercised on the same objects differently combined, when it forms such a combination of ideas as has no similitude in nature, it is called *imagination*.

It was reason that gave those elegant characters of men we find in *Shakespeare*. It was imagination that assembled all the agreeable of nature on one part, and all the horrible on the other, to form the descriptions of Elysium and Tartarus in *Virgil*.

How different soever these operations may appear, they are certainly only the produce of the same faculty. In regarding them but for a moment as different faculties, we may reproach those who have hitherto treated upon this subject, with not having truly distinguished them, and with not having truly defined their extent.

Even *Helvetius*, who particularly treated this subject, has too much restrained the imagination, defining it the faculty of conceiving of things in a figurative manner, and

and of rendering the ideas by images. If the imagination gives being to the sphynx, if it creates the gardens of Hesperides, or the enchanted isle of Armida, it is the same faculty that, with atoms, right lines, curves and cubes, builds the worlds of *Epicurus* and *Des Cartes*. It is the imagination which, in romance, assembles the different events of human life, combines them, forms intrigues, such as the passions may produce and represent them as true history, when they are only the work of genius and the heart. It is imagination that darts into futurity, prevents the rapid flight of time, transports us beyond the grave, and gives sensibility to our ashes, spite of the ravages of death.

The characteristic of the imagination is to invent; I have said, its productions are not to be formed upon any model in nature, this model may indeed exist, but it must not be known, otherwise there is no invention, the whole is no more than simple narration; the picture becomes a copy, the romance history, and imagination reason.

#### THE FORMATION OF OUR IDEAS.

✓ We distinguish different objects by their respective sensations. When we compare

these different objects, we find in them some common properties, and some that are peculiar to them. The knowledge of the properties and relations common to different individuals, we denominate *ideas*.

Such is the idea of extension, impenetrability, gravity, properties common to all matter; such is the idea of a triangle, taken from the union of three right lines at their extremities.

The more considerable is the number of individuals, whose properties are common, the more extensive is the idea; that of bodies, for instance, is much more so than that of metals.

Every idea is particular, but none individual; that is, there is no simple idea of any individual: there is not a simple idea of species or kind, every idea being formed of that only which objects when compared have in common; as every individual, every species, every kind, besides the properties common to it, have many peculiar. What metaphysicians have given us for such, even Locke himself, is only a compound of abstract ideas. It is easy to be assured of this; analyse their definitions, however great is the number of ideas entering therein, you will oftentimes find it too small to design the object they intend, as  
in

in the ideas of man, animal, virtue, plants, &c.

Hence spring those eternal disputes, of which almost every metaphysical subject is susceptible, and to which they have so frequently subsided. Hence spring the many absurd conclusions authorized by the system of philosophers: examine their definitions, you will find the man who was virtuous in *Socrates'* opinion, not to be so in *Dio- genes'*; and he that was a man to *Aristotle*, was not so to *Plato*. What seems to have led metaphysicians into this error was, that, as the several properties of bodies appearing always together in the same individual constantly the same, and never disunited, they judged that all appertained to the same subject, and giving a name to this subject they regarded the assemblage of all these qualities, not as a compound idea as it really was, but as a single and simple idea.

Although every idea may be equally abstract, all are not of the same nature. Some, which are formed from the relations of corporeal beings compared one to another, have material properties only for their objects; such are the ideas of extension, burning, hardness, motion, &c.

Others, which are formed from the relations of sentient, active and intelligent beings compared one to another, have intellectual

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telleetual properties only for their objects; such are the ideas of goodness, justice, beauty, &c.

The former are denominated *physical ideas*, the latter *moral*; by the first we acquire the knowledge of the material world; by the last are transported to the invisible and have the knowledge of the world of spirits\*.

OF MEMORY.

How many words! how many facts! how many volumes in the head of a single man! of a man that understands many languages, and is conversant with history and chronology. But what is memory, the vast receptacle of so many sensations, so many ideas; where so many acquired things are deposited, where events absorbed by time,

\* The view of nature varies with our different modes of thinking; to the ignorant and atheist all is dead, and the universe replete with only corporeal beings: how different to the religious and the learned! to these the entire world assumes a new face, they perceive in all things the beneficent hand of Providence, they discover the Creator's goodness in every production of the earth, their table is spread with his bounty, they repose under his protection, are instructed by his chastisements, and enjoy every pleasure as from his hands; they discover in every part around them, the goodness of the author of being, and nature to them universally teems with life.

and

and ordained never to return, are preserved from the eternal night of Oblivion; where the times which are no more, enjoy a kind of perpetuity? A new prodigy! admirable as the understanding, and of nature and origin equally unknown.

[Memory has for its basis the sensations and ideas, but is itself neither sensibility nor judgment. Without sensibility there can be no sensations, without judgment no ideas; but when the sensations are once received, and the ideas are once formed, the soul certainly requires not the aid of these faculties to retain them. Hence memory is a particular faculty; it is the power of preserving the impression and idea of objects which have affected us, in a word, the table of past sensations, past ideas, and of past sentiments, as sensibility is the table of present sensations and present sentiments.

#### OF REMEMBRANCE AND RECOLLECTION.

Philosophers have fallen into as gross errors in regard to the memory, as they have in regard to the understanding.

Locke, the first rational metaphysician, (he who rescued the science from that chaos of obscurity in which it was involved by the schools,) has defined memory, "the power to revive again in our minds those



“ ideas which, after imprinting, have disappeared, or have been laid aside out of sight.” His followers have fallen into the same error. Some moderns, who observed it to be possible to remember an idea without having the power of recollecting it; have with reason supposed Locke to have erred. They distinguished in the soul memory, remembrance, recollection, and have of these formed particular faculties, in which they in their turn are mistaken. For if we carefully reflect on the mutual connection of our faculties, we easily perceive, that remembrance and recollection are only effects of our different intellectual powers reciprocally united.

(The soul is affected with sensations and ideas; the retention of these sensations and ideas I call *memory*.)

(We frequently experience the same sensations and ideas which we have experienced before; the re-production of these sensations and ideas, with a sense of their identity, is *remembrance*.)

We can assemble at will a series of past ideas and of past sensations; this faculty is termed *recollection*.

X Memory is a faculty purely passive as sensibility, but the remembering of particular sensations or particular ideas, is not simply the perceiving our sensations present and

and past, but the knowing that the sensation or idea which we actually experience, to be the same we had experienced before.

The memory has the faculty of retaining things with which we have been once affected, sensibility those which do affect us; one is the index of things past, the other of things present: but it is the understanding only, that has the power to perceive them in those indexes of things past and present, to consider, compare and acknowledge them, if simply re-produced or really new; in a word, it is the understanding only which has the sense of their identity. Hence we perceive that the remembrance is not a simple faculty, but the compound of memory, sensibility and understanding.

In recollection likewise, it is not the memory that retraces past sensations and past ideas in our minds: from the little we can attend to what is passing within us during the succession of our thoughts, we may be convinced that the understanding only, (incessantly actuated with some sensation, with some idea,) passes from those with which it is actually affected, to the analogous sensations and ideas which have already affected it, and recollect in the mind things past by analogy. Thus, when we chuse to recollect any sensations or  
ideas,

ideas, we perceive them about to offer, when the mind runs over the nearest analogies.

If this power to render present in the mind the sensations and ideas treasured up in the memory, act sometimes without our interposition, it is sometimes subject to the will. Recollection is not therefore a simple faculty, but the aggregate of many united. In remembrance, memory is combined with the understanding and present sensations; in recollection, with the understanding and the will, but without these sensations. It is thus, these different faculties jointly produce remembrance and recollection.

#### ✓ OF WILL.

What is the will? Singular faculty! sometimes directed by the understanding, and ever swayed by the sentiment, it vehemently inclines to pleasure, and flies from pain; of the good and evil, which the understanding presents to it, chooses some, rejects the other, and imperiously determines whether man shall be in motion or at rest. We are acquainted with the nature of the will by the sentiment only and its effects; how much soever we attempt to penetrate farther into its nature, whatever sagacity we may possess, our efforts serve only

only to involve us in darkness and confusion.

The will, considered in its effects, is a faculty sometimes active, sometimes passive. Active when it impells man to act; passive when swayed by the sentiment.

The will is always subordinate to the sentiment; for man by nature is incessantly subject to sensibility, and is no more at liberty to resist or withdraw from it, than to will his own evil and oppose his own good.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DIFFERENT SENTIMENTS OF THE SOUL.

The love of happiness is innate in every heart, as is the love of self, from which it is derived.

Every man has love for himself; but nature, by making him subject to wants, has not given him the power of loving himself alone. All his sensibility therefore cannot be comprehended within himself; there are some things in nature to which the heart is connected. Man is formed different from the Gods, he is not to be happy like them in the contemplation of himself, nor can he be happy without the assistance of others. That extreme anguish we suffer from the loss of a friend that  
was

was dear to us; springs only from a vacuity of the heart; reason discovers this vacuity, and till some new object arises to possess it, our anguish continues.

Sensible beings can be affected only by pleasure and pain. The soul therefore receives only two kinds of sensations, the pleasing and the painful; these two are differently modified, but ever distinguished by two general characters only. There are no indifferent sensations; those which are so called are but the lowest degradations of the pleasing and painful, too weak to influence the soul and determine its action. But as man is a compound of two sensible substances, and as each of these substances has its particular object, there are two kinds of pleasing sensations and two kinds of painful, to wit, the sensations of the body, and the sensations of the soul.

[The impressions of objects on the senses are transmitted to the soul, and there the sensations unite; hence the pleasures and the pains of the body become common to the soul; the soul likewise has those which are peculiar to it.]

Thus every good and every evil in life is received by the soul from two different sources, objects moral and physical. Man therefore experiences corporeal pleasures and intellectual; these are called pleasures  
of

of the mind, those pleasures of the body : there is the same division of pain : an assemblage happy, and an assemblage sad ; this produces the misery, that the happiness of life, and both constitute the principle of all our actions.

Let us be careful to distinguish sentiment from sensation. *Sensation* is a pleasing or painful affection of the soul, produced by the impression of objects on the senses, or on the mind. *Sentiment* is a strong affection of the soul, produced by the relation which the understanding perceives between us and objects physical or moral.

Every object that affects us, if its sensation be pleasing, instantly creates in the soul a sentiment of *love* for it ; or a sentiment of *hatred*, if its sensation be the reverse : for it is a consequence of the love of self, to love that which is of benefit to us, and to detest that which is prejudicial.

From these sentiments of love and hatred combined with our different positions in regard to the objects of our sensations, arise many others. When we are agreeably affected by any object, which we may enjoy at will, a sudden pleasing calm creeps on our senses, our wishes are gratified, the soul subsides to *joy*, and is *impervious* to every other sentiment. But if this object be not in our possession, its privation excites in

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the soul an earnest *desire* of it. On the contrary, if the sensation be disagreeable, and we cannot avoid the impression of its object, we experience neither joy nor desire; sentiments of *grief* and *aversion* take full possession of our hearts.

From our different position in regard to different objects, arise two other emotions; *hope*, delightful sentiment which enables us to support the load of life, when under the oppression of misfortunes, and *fear*, which has been oftentimes known to shorten the duration of it.

Hope and fear are affections of the soul analogous to joy and sadness; and, as it were, the degradations of these affections. Joy and sadness are sentiments extremely active; the one springs from the pleasure of enjoyment, the other from the pain of sufferings. Hope and fear are moderate sentiments, this of sadness, that of joy. The first springs from the probability of being happy, the other from the probability of being miserable: their force is ever proportionate to the number of these degrees of probability, so that when these degrees are so multiplied that they draw near to certainty, the difference of these sentiments is imperceptible; hope becomes joy, and fear sadness. Thus joy and hope are incessantly

cessantly the smiling companions of pleasure, whilst sadness and fear are the gloomy attendants of pain.

I have hitherto treated of the sentiments springing from the love of self considered absolutely, and have displayed their origin; there remain only the sentiments which spring from the love of preference, that is, the love of self considered relatively.

I have observed that nature has given to man a love for himself, which admits of no bounds, and an extreme love for every thing which administers to his happiness. So far as this love has for its object his person, his well-being, his pleasures without any idea of merit attached to these objects, it is then termed *love of preference*; but when any idea of merit is attached to these objects, it is then called *self-love*.

Although these sentiments be originally the same, they are however different in their effects. The love of preference seeks indifferently every kind of pleasure, and would enjoy them exclusively.

Self-love likewise would enjoy exclusive pleasures, but seeks these only which attract our regard.

It is the love of preference which excites us to work out our well-being, though to the prejudice of our neighbour. It is self-love which causes us to contemplate with  
pleasure



32. *Essay on the Human Soul.*

pleasure the privations of others. It is to this, coquets owe the secret pleasure of seeing at their feet a crowd of humble admirers, of subjecting to their power spirits fierce and untractable, of multiplying the number of their conquests, and displaying their triumphs to envious rivals. It was this that caused those austere impostors, to whom antiquity has given the name of Sages, to despise vulgar esteem, incessantly pursue the extraordinary, aspire to divine honours, and affect the power of the Gods. It is this, in short, which will not admit of any superior, excites us to take every method which may exalt us above our fellows, and, when we see all beneath us, prompts us to sigh in secret that we are so misfortunate as not to be Gods.

From the idea of merit naturally arises a sentiment of *esteem*, and from the idea of demerit constantly arises a sentiment of *contempt*. Such is the origin of our desires and our passions, which when examined appear the produce of sentiments inspired by nature, combined with the understanding and the will.

OF THE PASSIONS IN PARTICULAR.

Our different sentiments assume different denominations, from the union of their force and duration.

When

When the sentiments of love and hatred, desire and aversion, are violent and incessantly renewed during a considerable time, they are denominated *passions*; when they are weak, and of short duration, they are termed *tastes*.

Cato, through love of his country, sacrificing his pleasures, his repose, his liberty, and life itself—this is a passionate man.

We divide the passions into the *predominant* and *subordinate*. In these a sentiment for some time agitates our hearts; in those a sentiment reigns imperiously in the soul, and there despotically commands every desire.

What man was more sensual, more voluptuous, than *Julius Cæsar*? What man had a passion for a greater number of mistresses? Beside his wives, four of whom he divorced, he intrigued with *Nicomede* queen of *Bythia*, with *Cleopatra*, with *Eunoe* queen of *Mauritania*, with *Posthumia* wife of *Servius Sulpitius*, with *Lollia* wife of *Gabinus*, with *Tertullia* wife of *Crassus*, with *Mutia* wife of *Pompey*, *Servilia* sister to *Cato*, and with others. Pleasure, however, was not his reigning passion. Love, that abstracted *Marc Antony* from the management of public affairs, never took a moment from *Cæsar*, nor caused him to neglect a single opportunity of aggrandizing

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his

his power : ambition was the predominant passion of *Cæsar* \* !

Every passion more or less determines the action of men, but the prevailing passion becoming the great rule of action, stamps a constant character upon our conduct. When once mistress of the heart, it impetuously tyrannizes there, and impells it always to the pursuit of its object, notwithstanding every subaltern passion which may tend to prevent it, as an impetuous wind drives a ship to one determined point, and obliges it to continue its course, though adverse gales may oppose.

Every passion has love or hatred for its origin. Sometimes the passions are composed of these sentiments only ; at other times these sentiments are found united with some others, as of fear, hope, esteem and contempt, relatively to our position in regard to the object of our love or hatred, and to the merit of the object to which we compare ourselves. Such is pride, a passion compounded of the sentiments of love and esteem for ourselves exclusively ; such is anger, a passion compounded of the sentiment of sadness for our misfortunes, and of hatred for the authors of them.

\* *Cæsar's* extreme desire of being eminent appeared even in the choice of his mistress.

*Of the Passions in particular.* 33

The simple passions of hatred and love assume different denominations according to their objects. Love becomes avarice, friendship, lust, or ambition, according as it inclines to riches, to a friend, to women, or to honours.

And as every passion has some object, which it receives either by the senses or from the mind, we again distinguish them as *sensual passions* and *fictitious*.

Of the first class are lust, gluttony, drunkenness; of the last, vanity, love of glory, and all those chimeras which opinion denominates blessings, and which self-love so earnestly desires.

He must never have reflected on the objects of the passions, who is ignorant, that men of good constitution agree in the first kind of these passions, but in the other greatly differ. All men love more or less good living, women, music, odours, painting; but there are some without ambition, and others insensible to glory. One chiefly esteems the frivolous advantage of beauty, and consumes life in applauding his own charms: another enjoys extreme pleasure in displaying his possessions, contemplates with delight the anguish of the envious, and is pleased in tormenting those that are jealous of his glory: another is happy only when at leisure and silently contemplating the

wonders of nature. Thus it is that every man forms to himself fictitious pleasures.

He likewise must never have reflected on the objects of our different affections, who is ignorant that the number of fictitious passions greatly surpasses that of the sensual. These are limited to the number of our senses, but those, being produced by opinion, have no bounds; for the mind is incessantly active, and ever prompt to invent novelties. The senses continue us attached to the earth, but the imagination transports us above it, and is comprehended within no space; having raised us above our equals, it exalts us above angels, seraphims and gods.

#### REFUTATION OF A SOPHISM OF HELVETIUS.

Some one has said, that the passions are only the voice of the body, and a philosopher of the present age has vainly tortured his understanding to explain it.

It is certain that many passions belong to the senses by their object; many likewise, in appearance, to the soul by some false relations, of which we are soon undeceived. But how many are the passions which belong only to the mind? How many which have only imaginary objects?

The prizes at the Olympic games, or of military triumphs, what were they, but the pleasure which the victor enjoyed in dragging at his car vanquished monarchs loaden with chains, in displaying to the astonished populace trophies of his valour, and hearing the repeated acclamations of the public? Whence spring the charms of love, but from the idea of being beloved by the object of our fires? Sensual love can wish only for enjoyment, true love is satisfied but with the heart.

Leave to the sophist author *De l'Esprit* to deduce every passion from physical sensibility, but he never will deduce therefrom the love of glory, that vain incense which ignorance and weakness offer to power, to valour, to genius, and of which great minds are so very avidious.

In order to prove this, I will not say, that wit, genius, virtue, the different ways men pursue to attain glory, are not the ways of fortune; I will not say, that happy talents are almost always objects of envy; nor that, with the generality of mankind, credit is preferred to desert, that an amiable man, or a dexterous flatterer is carested more than the man of genius or the man of virtue. But noble souls, souls ardent for glory, the sage and the hero, have been almost always found to flourish in poor

countries; and if virtue has ever shone forth with eclat, it was among those nations that had no other rewards than honours. But among those who have sought for glory by learning or virtue, how many have resisted the temptation of luxury, contracted the sphere of their wants, instead of pursuing the gratification of the senses, or desiring to be exempt from evils which are the constant attendants of poverty? The cynic that rejected the purple and pleasures of kings, that was content with frugal nourishment and the tattered garb of indigence, that rolled himself in the scorching sand during the extreme heat of summer, and in snow during the rigour of winter, that threw away his wooden cup, when he found it possible to live without it, certainly did not covet those pleasures of the senses he so greatly despised: all he wished, was for admiration. How many others, who far from looking for future pleasures of the senses in the admiration and esteem of mankind, have even resigned present gratifications for fame?

*Heraclitus* \* resigned to a brother his crown, that he might apply himself the more attentively to study; he devoted himself to a state of pains and disgust, which imposes on the manners extreme constraint,

\* Tyrant of *Ephesus*.

and

and demands unremitted application; in a word, he left all the pageantry of pomp, all the pleasures of empire, to live in solitude under the laws of rigid frugality. In his esteem for the sciences, did he seek for the gratification of the senses? What pleasures can a great reputation promise to the sage, which this prince had not already enjoyed as a king? What success could attend his labours, what enjoyment could he promise himself, which was not infinitely surpassed by that which he had voluntarily resigned?

As did *Heraclitus*, so the son of the tyrant *Miso* renounced the sceptre of his father and the delights of empire, that, disincumbered of public cares, he might retire to solitude, and indulge himself in meditation. Was voluptuousness his motive to this undertaking? Were the gratifications of the senses, which he had in his power and willingly quitted, what he sought by numberless fatigues in the uncertain title of *sage*? And what could he possess more in this title, than he had already enjoyed under that of *monarch*? Where are the charms of physical sensibility in the austere life of *Zeno*, of *Cato*, of *Socrates* and other great souls, once inflamed with the love of glory? And what other want than that of fame could any one experience, who was



in possession of superfluous riches, exalted to the highest degree of human greatness by birth, and was desirous of being learned? If man in possession of the purple has no other motive to render himself illustrious, than the hopes of sensual enjoyments, would he not for ever sleep on the throne? Of what concern to *Cæsar* was the public esteem? Is there any pleasure accompanying virtue and knowledge denied to power? To what then shall we attribute this avidity of glory which he desired to possess after his decease? For what reason did *Annibal*, *Alexander*, *Augustus*, *Trajan*, *Charles the Fifth*, *Richlieu*, *Cbristina*, not content with the glory they possessed as monarchs, as heroes, aspire to that of authors? Why were they desirous to shade their brows with the laurels of genius? Because they were avidious of honour, and delicate in their choice of esteem. Though surrounded with the glory of a throne, they supposed themselves strangers to it, persuaded that the success of military undertakings, and that victories by flattery attributed to the general or the king, depended often on circumstances of ignorance or cowardice of the enemy; they disdained a reputation they believed themselves not to have deserved; they aspired to that glory which is founded on personal merit, and sought it in science,

science. ✕ Let us then conclude, that souls  
avidious of glory are inflamed with the  
desire of pure glory, and that they love  
esteem only for its sake. But why seek in  
times remote for proofs of a truth, of which  
we have so many illustrious examples within  
our notice. Is it not the love of reputa-  
tion, the desire of having our names pro-  
nounced with an elogium, and to see it  
recorded in the annals of history, that pro-  
duce in our times so many feats of valour,  
of constancy, and of courage; so many  
heroic and surprizing actions? Is it not the  
love of the Beautiful and Honourable, which  
forms in the heart of the wise an inex-  
haustable source of delicate sentiments, and  
enables him to possess, amidst the disorder  
and subversion of nature, that joy which  
no misfortune can remove? Is it not the  
imagination, that gives us, when in con-  
verse with friendship, that delicate enjoy-  
ment which is carried to the heart without  
affecting the senses? Is it not the imagina-  
tion which produces that enchanting lan-  
guor, which delicate minds experience in  
the embraces of love, so superior to the  
transports of joy and phrenzy of the senses?  
Pleasing delusions! flattering images! ficti-  
tious pleasures! what man so unfavoured  
by nature, as never to have enjoyed you?  
What soul so rude as not to be sensible to  
your

your charms? Even the miser acknowledges your power; of the fruit which was planted by his hand and fostered by his care, on the day when it be gathered, does he not invite his friend and importune him to eat?

THE DEGREES OF PHYSICAL SENSIBILITY  
AND IMAGINARY, EXAMINED COMPARATIVELY.

Man is not only sensible to the pleasures of the imagination, there are not only some actions which belong not to physical sensibility, but the fictitious passions can be superior to the sensual, and are so very often.

Does not the coquette prefer to the pleasure of enjoyment, the pleasure of being admired? Does she not rather chuse to excite the passions of her admirers, possess them with fears, envy, disquietudes, and triumph over their ardour, than submit to the tender caresses of a passionate lover?

Soldiers selected by the general to pierce the battalions of the enemy, inflamed by their predilection, rush furiously on the arms of their opponents, and to every thing prefer that short moment of glory, which they enjoy in sight of the army, from the instant of quitting their ranks, till they expire by the fire of the enemy.

What

What is not sacrificed to glory! the savages of America suffer on the cross without emitting any cries, without shedding any tears, and less fear the torments of body, than the imputation of cowardice. Thus did the gladiators, after receiving on the *arena* a mortal wound, view the effusion of blood with a disdainful air; thus did they contend with pain, fearing death much less than the disgrace of venting a sigh or shedding a tear; preserving whilst dying, these graces, that warlike posture in which they had been formerly instructed.

The image of pleasure is sweet under whatever form it may appear. The prospect of a fine country, the coolness of a stream in the heat of summer, the harmonious melody of birds, always produce pleasure; the sweet embraces of love ever affect the heart with a gentle delirium: yet none but pleasures of imagination fire the heart, ravish the soul, and occasion its transports.

Love of glory! fictitious passions! pleasures of imagination! you alone enchant the heart of the man who places his supreme felicity in you: you alone make him feel the terrible access of divine phrenzy, and elevate him above the imperfections of humanity: again restraining within his heart tears and sighs, seem to divest him  
of

of sensibility amidst the horrors of torture, and to silence the voice of nature itself.

OF THE DEVELOPING OF THE FACULTIES  
OF THE SOUL.

Let the soul exist (if any one be so willing) before the body, to which it is united. Let it possess at that time even another method of perceiving and understanding; yet it is certain that, being once subject to the laws of this union, it no longer retains any thing of its former state, not even the remembrance of prior existence.

We distinguish in the soul five faculties, none of which is developed at birth. Sensibility is not, neither is understanding, every idea being founded on the sensations; the memory and the will do not appear; for to retain the remembrance of things, they must have been perceived, and to will, we must have perceived, known and remembered. None of these faculties has a determinate object, not even instinct; for although it be sufficient to perceive its object ere it inclines towards it, it must have perceived it. The sensitive principle must therefore develop the first; but the sensibility of the soul being a faculty purely passive, it would for ever continue inutile,  
if

if external objects did not produce their impressions by aid of the senses. Deprive the body of these organs, form of it an insensible machine, conceive the soul for ever confined in this machine, instantly all these faculties are lost, and the soul itself is reduced to insensibility. The sensibility of the soul must then receive an object from the senses, before it receives an object from the understanding; hence it is evident that the soul must first perceive by the body. ✓

Hence though possessed of the faculty of perceiving, judging, recollecting and choosing, the soul could never perceive, recollect, judge, nor chuse, unless united to an organized and sensible body; it would not even have the sentiment of its own existence, for it is only by reflecting on its sensations, that it acquires this sentiment.

The first faculty which develops is sensibility, next follows memory, then the understanding, afterwards the will. However strange this gradation may appear, such is the order observed by nature in developing our faculties.

In regard to the time when this developing is perfected, it varies with the constitution of individuals; but this variation is inconsiderable. While the infant is inclosed in the womb, its organs are not in a  
state

state to receive a perfect sensation; besides, in the circumambient fluid, it cannot receive any sensation; it not even perceives this fluid, as we do not that of the air when calm, serene, and of equal temperature. But in a few days after birth, its senses are in a state to receive the impression of objects; the sensitive principle then develops and enters upon action. The sensitive faculty is soon succeeded by that of the memory; the understanding presently follows; the infant compares its sensations as soon as it acquires the use of its senses, and in a short time is able to distinguish them. All this is done in about forty days, the infant already knoweth its nurse. The unfolding of the will immediately succeeds, for it is not long ere the infant can distinguish the difference of the objects of its sensations, and to know pleasure and pain: from this instant the innate desire of happiness has its determinate object, and the will pursues some known good. Thus all the faculties of man are rendered active a short time after birth; but there revolves a considerable space before they are perfectly developed. The infant has at first only particular sensations, objects appear unconnected, and it distinguishes them only by their different sensations: when the number of these sensations are multiplied, the child compares

compares them, perceives their identity and difference, begins to arrange them in certain classes according to analogy, and to form ideas.

When man first perceives the relations of objects, intellectual sensibility commences its exercise.

I have distinguished the operations of the understanding into reason and imagination; by the first, the soul perceives the real relations of objects; by the last, the soul invents chimerical ones. These different operations require very different qualities in him who judges. To pronounce on real relations, the examination of objects is sufficient, the mind naturally pronounces of itself; but to invent relations, such as are directed to some end \*, a great number of things must be first known; we must then enter into ourselves, and silently combine them in many different manners; as this requires reflection, it is unfeasible in the early parts of life, in an age entirely resigned to physical sensibility and to sleep. The imagination must not therefore be developed very early in life, and a yet longer space must elapse before any moral ideas can be acquired.

Every relation perceived between different objects forms an idea; every idea is an

\* I here mean regular invention.

abstract



abstract sensation, but every kind of ideas is not equally acquired.

The first which offer to the mind are those that have for their object the physical relations of beings; afterwards those whose object is moral relations, so difficult for mature age to acquire, and impossible for infancy, although it gives many apparent signs of it \*.

But I apprehend so far to be sufficient on this article. Let us now follow the soul in the exercise of its faculties.

#### OF THE EXERCISE OF THE FACULTIES OF THE SOUL.

Each of these faculties has its separate functions, but they cannot act separately; for to produce thoughts, desires, passions, they must unite, and act in concert. Thus all the powers of the soul are concatenated when they act, that their operations may be produced by their combination. It is of consequence that the point which separates the work of our different intellectual

\* When children are causelessly beaten or wantonly deprived of their toys, it is not from any sentiment of the injustice done them that they cry, but from a painful sensation excited by the blows, from the chagrin of being deprived of their pleasures, and from the sense of being debarred their amusements.

faculties

faculties in their action be exactly defined; this no one has hitherto done.

Although the developing of the faculties of the soul constantly require the assistance of the senses, yet when the sensations are received, these faculties can perfect the whole without their concurrence. Observe those who walk whilst in deep sleep, they arise from their beds, they go and return, traverse different apartments, act, stand in the attitude of reflection, and concern themselves in their affairs the same as when awake. All the faculties of the soul are at that time in action, memory, judgment, sensibility, will, all but the organs of sense; such persons being without any knowledge of their actual situation, and inscious of the danger that attends them. During the whole time, the soul seems to be detached from the body, and man appears as an automaton in motion\*.

Although the soul has in itself the power of thinking, it nevertheless does not always think. How many are the moments of life when the mind is entirely resigned to sensibility, and all the other faculties are suspended? Upon hearing dreadful news

\* It may be here observed, that this power of the soul to detach itself from the senses, proves it to be distinct from the body, much better than the unintelligible jargon of metaphysicians.

the blood chills, the heart violently contracts, reason is extinct, and the soul flies within itself, sensible of only its calamity. In agonizing pain, we feel but the weight of our evils. Hence some moments there are, in which the soul does not think, and these are sufficiently long. Have you never observed the surprize of a clown, when first introduced into a theatre; at the rising of the curtain, struck with the wonders which present themselves to his sight, absorbed by objects so uncommon, and as if lost to himself in that enchanted dwelling, he makes no reflection, is wholly employed in contemplating the scene, and all his soul in his eyes.

We are likewise able to suspend the activity of the judgment, and cause sensibility to reign alone. A lover of harmony or eloquence, upon hearing a beautiful passage or pathetic description, flies within himself, constrains his senses, and is concentrated in his sensibility. Does not an enthusiast, in the heat of devotion, sometimes suspend the activity of his judgment to indulge himself in the enjoyment of a temporary sentiment that charms him? Where is the man, who has acquired an habit of thinking, that is not by his own experience convinced of this truth?

Sensibility

Sensibility alone can possess the soul entire, never the understanding; for, that the understanding may judge, there must be at least two sensations present in the mind, the subject and the attribute\*. The understanding and sensibility are then united into one single act in our judgments. Memory is adjoined thereto very often; for the understanding pronounces equally on past and present sensations.

The memory cannot at any time operate alone, for all things being disposed in this receptacle are as if non-existent, till the understanding recalls them to the mind; this faculty therefore always requires in its operations the concurrence of the understanding.

Finally, the will is often directed by the understanding, and always requires an object from sensibility or the memory, for it cannot act unless one of these faculties concur.

\* It sometimes happens that the subject is not a body, as in this proposition *God is just*; but we never represent a spirit, otherwise than in a corporeal form, or rather, we never represent it at all. The attribute is almost always a sensation, as in those abstract ideas, warm, hard, great, good, fine. This is so true that we cannot form any notion of extension, gravity, beauty, and several other abstract ideas, but by referring man to his senses. Every idea of this kind is therefore, properly speaking, an abstract sensation.

## OF THE EXERCISE OF SENSIBILITY.

Sensibility can not only occupy the soul entire, and not only at all times concurs to the operations of the mind, but is incessantly in action. So long as the soul is united to the body, it is continually affected with some sensation, some new sentiment or one re-produced. We may easily be convinced of this, by observing what passes with ourselves.

The soul may be at one time affected with many different sensations; because many senses can be affected at one time, and one sense be affected many ways at the same time.

The number of these different sensations is very great, it is not possible to determine where it ends; as it is impossible to fix the number of different sensations with which the soul may be affected without confusion at the same time: but the number of different sensations with which the soul may be affected without confusion at the same time, is much more restrained. Upon hearing a very complex symphony, the ear is affected by every sound of the several instruments, but nevertheless does not distinguish them. However some can distinguish

guish more, others less \*. But whatever this number may be, as the soul can distinguish the different sensations which affect it at the same time, they must not be very lively, for if among these sensations there be one much stronger than the others, it weakens them to such a degree as to render them nearly extinct, and this with so much the more energy as it is the more strong. There is likewise in sensations a degree of force which absorbs all our sensibility, as if in these moments the heart could not divide itself. It is thus whilst in the arms of a beloved mistress, successively arise so many agreeable sensations; but in that happy moment which is the *acme* of our pleasures, of the delights which surround us, the soul is sensible only to the most ecstatic, to the prolific fluid as it is discharged through the numerous circumvolutions of its vessels.

When the soul is resigned to any strong sensation, it continues in that state until this impression insensibly decaying shall be perfectly extinct, or a sensation yet more strong shall take place.

\* I have seen in London a young performer on the harpsichord, that could distinguish the different tones of the strings vibrating together, when any one applied the hand to the keys of piano forte, or any other instrument of the kind.

The soul cannot be affected by many sentiments at a time, as it is by many sensations; for the senses, which communicate the impressions of objects to the soul are many, whilst the understanding, which discovers their relations, is but one. Besides it has been proved, that sentiments arise in the soul by the relations which man perceives between himself and other beings. The senses may be likewise affected many ways at the same time, whilst the understanding can fix on one relation only, as I shall hereafter prove. There is not therefore at one time, but one sentiment in the soul, although it appears to be affected with a thousand emotions at once. But as this operation of the understanding is performed with inconceivable velocity, these sentiments arise and are succeeded with such rapidity, that it is often impossible to distinguish the infinitely small interval separating them, whatever attention we may give to what is at that time transacting in the mind.

Such is the reason why a thousand sad and agreeable sentiments seem to share the soul, and why we suppose it to be at once distracted with pain and transported with joy.

However impossible it may be to distinguish by the internal feeling the interval separating

separating these successive emotions, it is more so to distinguish them by their external signs; because the impressions of the sentiments made on the corporeal organs are much more durable than those on the soul. Hence when the soul is successively resigned to impetuous motions which rapidly succeed each other, their different impressions on the body continue together. The misfortunate father, who conducts to the altar of death his only son, at the very time when the fear of the Gods arms his hand, and he applies the knife to the bosom of his child, paternal affection arrests him, suspends the stroke, and he dissolves into tears.

If the succession of the sentiments of the soul be often imperceptible, it nevertheless may sometimes be perceived. There are but few accustomed to self-examination, who have not observed how, in the agitations of the mind, a sentiment arising often times destroys that which preceded it, how they are successively defaced in a disturbed mind, yet arise instantly after; and how the soul, being unsettled, wavers between these different emotions. Thus in a sea agitated by the winds, we observe the waves to break one against the other and be instantly reformed.



In the concurrence of the different sentiments with which the soul is successively agitated, as in that of the sensations, the strongest always weakens the others, consumes them, and reigns alone in the soul.

When the friends of Pompey bewailed his defeat after the horrible slaughter of Pharsalia, possessed with fear at the approach of the Egyptian vessels, their grief became mute; each one's particular danger prevented his being concerned for the common misfortune, they thought only of encouraging the sailors, and seeking their safety by flight: soon as their fears were subsided, the loss they had suffered again rose upon their minds, and again they gave vent to their tears. Thus only extreme pleasure can entirely free the soul from profound grief, and only extreme pain can involve in sadness an heart overflowing with joy; every weaker impression glances on the soul, but makes no continuance there.

But when these sentiments are of more equal force, the soul, as if unfixed and wavering between its different emotions, knows not which to resolve on; its desires destroy each other; scarcely freed from its troubles, it is engaged with them again; this state of indecision does not always terminate to the advantage of the most active sentiment,

sentiment. After long contest, the soul fatigued with its own efforts gradually loses sensibility with its strength, and finally yields to the last impression, which remains master of the field.

There is this difference between the succession of sensations and that of sentiments; in the succession of new sensations, only the sensibility of the soul and the organs of sense are in action; but in that of the sentiments, sensibility, understanding and memory. For the understanding, by the assistance of analogous sensations, furnished by the senses or by the memory, causes our sentiments to arise, and promotes their succession. When the sensations which thus succeed each other, instead of being immediately produced by the senses are only renewed, the same faculties are in action as in that of the sentiments.

The duration of sentiments is very long when these emotions are strong, and extremely short when they are weak; but in general it is not so much restrained as that of sensations. The ebullition of anger, the transports of rage, are of longer duration than the strongest impression of objects on our organs\*. Much more so, that base and

\* We must not rank as sensations, those which are produced by some disarrangement of the organs, or those which are incessantly repeated by new impressions, as the pain attending a wound.

fordid sentiment—avarice, which night and day unremittedly sways the soul, over which it presides; and jealousy, tyrannical sentiment, the constant companion of suspicion, every where pursues the wretch it besets, presents to him the idea of dishonour even when in the arms of his mistress, and loads him with inquietudes when the senses are closed in sleep.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE UNDER-  
STANDING.

Let us here exactly distinguish what is peculiar to the understanding in exercise, from that which is peculiar to the other faculties. Thinking is a property of the understanding, but the understanding alone is not sufficient to produce it. To judge is to pronounce on the relations of things; and as we pronounce readily on absent objects, and in those which are present, sensibility and memory therefore are combined with the understanding in forming our judgments, as has been already observed; in these two faculties the understanding perceives objects as we perceive ourselves in a glass, if I may be allowed to make so imperfect a comparison.

Our judgments are oftentimes formed without our concurrence, and sometimes notwithstanding all our efforts to the contrary;

trary ; in such cases the will has no share. But if the thought sometimes take place without the concurrence of the will, at other times the will combines with sensibility and memory in the exercise of the understanding ; for the understanding is a faculty, whose exercise we can suspend and dispose of as we please. We can at will apply the soul to the consideration of external objects, and afterwards concentrate ourselves within the mind in order to compare and combine them in different manners at pleasure, and pronounce on their relations. The exercise of the understanding is then voluntary and involuntary. I have distinguished in the understanding two different powers, that of perceiving objects, of examining their different appearances, and that of pronouncing on their relations. It is the first only of these powers, which combines with the will ; for we cannot refrain from pronouncing upon any relation presenting itself to the mind. If it appear at times that we can forbear to judge, it is by prolonging the exercise of this former power, without which there can be no judgment, and not by employing the other.

The voluntary use of this power constitutes attention ; for the attentive consideration of an object, what is it, but the fixing  
this

this intellectual faculty on the impression of this object, communicated to the soul by the organs of sense or preserved by the memory?

To compare is to apply at will the understanding to any object; yet it is not always the will alone that determines at pleasure the understanding to any object, but the will guided by the understanding; by this power which it possesses of knowing their relations, by this power of perceiving the course, the mind must take to arrive at such a point in the knowledge of the relations sought. Hence if the power which the understanding possesses of comparing and combining objects, be absolutely necessary to the formation of our judgments, the power of pronouncing on the relations of objects, is absolutely necessary to the exercise of the first of these powers, they therefore reciprocally concur to produce the same effect.

As we are able to perceive a certain number of sensations at once, attention may likewise be given to a certain number of objects; but the more small this number of objects may be, *cæteris paribus*, the more strong is the attention, and *vice versa*. This is evident in absence of mind, but much more so in the catalepsy, in which the soul being entirely ingrossed by profound

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found thought, appears to have no communication with the body.

Undoubtedly the force of attention depends on the number of objects which the understanding considers at once; yet it likewise depends on the force of the will; for the will is susceptible of different degrees of intension, as are the motives determining it. We can at will make efforts more or less violent; to consider an object, we can weaken attention or augment it to that degree, that it shall appear in entire possession of the soul.

Some persons, like the priest of Calames\*, are so affected at will, as to become insensible of what happens to the body.

The faculty of judging is natural to the soul, but is free only when sensibility is not affected by any object foreign to these of our judgments. Strong sensations always disturb the exercise of thinking; when extremely so, they destroy meditation. In this last case there is no judgment; because the mind is entirely subdued by a new object: in the first case there is a judgment, but an erroneous one. These strange sensations, not having sufficient force entirely to engage the attention, divide it; being thus obliged to give it to different objects, the mind cannot sufficiently consider those

\* Sée Augustinus de Civitate Dei, lib. xiv. cap. 24.

on which it is to pronounce, it confounds them and forms false and absurd judgments. This is very apparent in persons agitated by passion. Amidst their emotions, the soul cannot determine itself wisely; it sometimes forms a thousand weak resolutions, a thousand extravagant projects, and is unresolved which to prefer: at other times, full of the object agitating it, confounds every thing in its judgments with this object, and no longer attends to the voice of reason. This is the cause why profound meditation takes place only in a calm of the passions, in silence and in solitude.

The exercise of the understanding is either restrained or interrupted when sensibility is strongly affected; and, by a phenomenon very singular, when the understanding is closely engaged, the impressions of external objects upon the senses appear weakened, sometimes null, as we observe in absent persons \*, those who walk in their sleep and cataleptics. Hence if our thoughts be not perfectly free but when sensibility is not divided between sensations foreign to those which are the objects of

\* This is the reason why an absent person sometimes looks for his spectacles, and has them upon his nose, and why cataleptics have no knowledge of what is acting about them.

*Of the Exercise of the Understanding.* 63

our judgments; the sensations are not in their turn so strong as they can be, but when the understanding is inactive. It is not that the exercise of this faculty interrupts the commerce of the soul with the body as some have supposed; the understanding neither adds to nor takes from the force of these sensations, they remain perpetually the same; it is because we judge not but when the understanding has considered the objects on which it is to pronounce, that is, because there is no judgment formed without attention. The impressions of objects on our organs, and even the sensations renewed by the memory, being of no effect to the soul without attention, it therefore appears that the soul cannot be attentive to sensations from without, when it is engaged in profound meditation.

There may be many sensations in the soul at one time, but never more than one judgment, the faculty of judging not being divisible as is that of perceiving. It is in sensibility and in the memory that the understanding perceives the objects of its judgments, the number of these objects may be as extensive as that of the different sensations, which the soul can receive at the same time. The mind may very easily perceive all these objects at once, but to  
6 pronounce



pronounce on their relations, it must compare them, examine them successively in one determinate point of view, and reduce them to a fixed rule: now the mind can examine objects, but in one point of view at a time. Thus the understanding can at the same time perceive only one of their relations, and there can be only one judgment at a time in the soul.

#### OF THE NATURAL SUCCESSION OF OUR IDEAS.

As the understanding is combined with the will in its operations, the soul therefore can transfer at pleasure the thought to different objects, without any concatenation of ideas, forming what we may term Detached Judgment; but this is not the order which the mind pursues in thinking, when abandoned to itself.

When we reflect on the almost imperceptible connection of our ideas in their succession, by attending to their concatenation, to the manner how the second is adjoined to the first, and is connected to the third, we distinctly perceive that the natural succession of our ideas ever proceeds by analogy. If when alone walking in the fields, a sound much resembling the voice of a friend strikes upon the ear, a colour  
like

like that of his coat presents itself to the sight, his image immediately arises in the mind, some peculiarity is remembered, and we re-trace past conversations.

Those relations, those analogies, which constitute the chain of our thoughts, are not always perceived, and are oftentimes with the greatest difficulty discovered: but they rarely escape us, if we reflect and silently observe the operation of the understanding. I have frequently examined myself on this article, and have, if I may be indulged the expression, caught the soul in the fact, in the relations which combine my ideas. Hence it is evident, that the mind proceeds only by analogies: when involved in profound meditation, or abandoned to itself, it never appears to start from thought to thought, it never passes from subject to subject, however unequal, however unconnected its thoughts may appear; some relation, whether slight or very striking, forms the transition, and at all times some analogy, whether real or apparent, carries to the mind a new object; if we except that single instance, when the soul distracted from its thoughts by some violent and sudden sensation, interrupts the succession of ideas. Thus an immense chain, the constituent links of which have

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some

some common relation, seems to connect all our ideas.

IN WHAT MANNER THOUGHT BECOMES  
REASON OR IMAGINATION.

I have said that reason pronounces on the real relations of objects, and that imagination invents chimerical ones.

To pronounce on the real relations of objects, these objects must be incessantly present in the mind, and subject to attentive examination; but attentive examination is not always necessary to invention; for in this case, it is sufficient to connect the qualities of one subject to those of another, and confound them in the same whole. If we attentively pursue the operation of the understanding, we shall be convinced that thought ever becomes imagination when it ceases to be reason, and that the point where one concludes the other begins. When attention is discontinued, the object that engaged us is no longer fixed, it changes therefore to the first sensation with which the soul is again affected; the mind engaged with this new object combines it with every thing that presents, as it happens in those indeterminate reveries, into which the soul declines after long meditation, or in those gentle dreams which  
succeed

succeed toilsome exercise. Hence those extravagant fictions, those whimsical ideas, that constitute our dreams.

I have said that the object of our thoughts changes with the sensation by which the soul is first affected; but, in defect of the action of external objects on our organs, this sensation is almost always supplied by the soul itself, carried by a secret bias to the object most alluring. The imagination is therefore fixed by the passion, and the character of its thoughts determined by the nature of the sentiment affecting us. Whilst the soul is resigned to any gentle emotion, the mind engages with its pleasures, and augments them; then returning within itself, it silently combines this sentiment with some analogous object, and forms therefrom similar ideas;—pleasing fancies! flattering delusions! the charms of life, and the prize of our transitory felicity! This happens in the delirium of love: during this happy interval a flattering dream deludes us, our minds ever present the dear object of our passion, represent it in all our thoughts, until some stronger sensation, to our regret, dissolves this delightful reverie, and brings us back to ourselves\*.

\* This is the reason, why imagination operates never to greater advantage than in silence.

I have demonstrated how judgment becomes reason or imagination, according to the manner in which the mind pronounces on the relations of objects, and how it ceases to pronounce on their real relations, when attention is discontinued. Hence the understanding is ever subordinate to the will in reason, sometimes in imagination, and sometimes free.

FARTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE EXERCISE OF THE UNDERSTANDING.

OF WISDOM AND FOLLY.

Thinking is a natural faculty of the soul, but its natural state is to be without rule, without choice, and without attention: all our judgments are at this time disjoined, and there is no necessary connection between the attribute and the subject. This is observed during sleep; when the senses are at rest, the mind sports with different objects, and forms by an assemblage of thoughts those extravagant fictions, which constitute our nocturnal illusions.

When the understanding operates in man awake, as in man asleep, this accidental state becomes permanent, and is termed *folly*: but when our judgments are regular, and there is a connection between the subject and attribute, this order of our thoughts

is called *wisdom*. What constitutes the difference of folly and wisdom is therefore wholly attention, which is ever apparent in this, but never in the other; for we think without this disposition of the mind, but cannot reflect. If a child that prattles, and an old man that dotes, are both incapable of reasoning, it is not because they have no ideas, as some have imagined, but because they are equally in want of attention: one has never possessed it, and to the other it is decayed.

The want of attention, the cause of folly, is very apparent in those extraordinary persons who extravagate upon one subject only. I have heard some, that have discoursed with very good sense upon every subject, excepting some particular one: in such cases the mind concentrated to the object affecting it admits no other, and taking this object for the subject of its judgments, connects to it indiscriminately every kind of attribute.

The same phenomenon likewise appears in violent passions, which produce a kind of momentary folly. There is another species of extravagant persons according to the sages of these times; they gave that title to those, whose discourse is unfashionable, and conduct not of the mode; that is, to those who are not the subjects of com-

mon folly; such were Democritus, Diogenes, Heraclitus, and such the originals of every age.

OF PENETRATION, STUPIDITY, SAGACITY AND DULNESS.

From the faculty of judging, combined with the number of our sensations, sentiments and the chain of our ideas, results an aptitude more or less to distinguish the relations of things, denominated *penetration* or *stupidity*.

All objects are unconnected, there is no conjunction perceptible to man when first he takes a view of nature, even supposing all his faculties to be developed: the admirable chain connecting every part, is evident to him only who has compared a multiplicity of things in many different ways; in short, only to a philosopher. But as the knowledge of a single relation, requires a great number of comparisons, and consequently a great number of sensations, it is very evident that the man who possesses but a few, must be necessarily stupid, and that his penetration must be the greater, in proportion as this number is more large.

Without sensations and with the faculty of thinking, a man must be necessarily stupid; the same likewise with the faculty  
of

of thinking, and many sensations and ideas deposited in the memory, if destitute of the power to recall them. It is the understanding only which by aid of analogy recalls our sensations and ideas, but their reproduction which takes place in the natural succession of our ideas, being without relation to any fixed design, conduces nothing to penetration. Every sensation, every sentiment, every idea transmitted to memory is of no effect, if there be no power of recalling those which are necessary to the discovery of the relations of which we are in search. Penetration, therefore, depends on the power of recalling to the mind those sensations and ideas, which are analogous and corresponding.

Penetration, combined with the time which the mind requires in the discovery of objects, becomes *sagacity* or *dulness*. Sagacity, when the time is extremely short\*; dulness, when very long.

Sagacity, the faculty of perceiving at once the course to be taken to arrive at a certain fixed point, depends on the choice which the understanding makes of sensations, of thoughts, and on the order in

\* Sallies of wit, which are signs of sagacity, arise from the rapidity with which the mind forms an analogy.



which it arranges them in the memory, The greater analogy these sensations and these thoughts have to the relations sought, the more easily does the mind discover these relations.

A mind the least sagacious easily solves certain abstract questions, when proposed to it, upon which it has been long intent. It is surprising with what rapidity it flies to a solution, notwithstanding an infinite number of obstacles may oppose: but offer to a genius of the first class a question, which, with little difficulty may be solved, but may not be congenial with his understanding, and you will see him hesitate like one really stupid.

Newton, whose penetrating mind rapidly succeeded in the discovery of the system of the universe, was ignorant of matters of religion; and it is certain, that those who incline to the study of enigmas, discuss them much readier than the most subtle philosophers.

Before I leave this subject, I shall take a cursory view of some singular phenomena, that naturally present themselves here.

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THE EXPLANATION OF DIFFERENT PHENOMENA, THE EFFECTS OF THE PASSIONS ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

The prospect of nature, how different, according to the different sentiments affecting us!

In the horror of despair, rage and ferocity are taken for heroism. In the fury of slighted love, we look upon every woman as perfidious; if a mistress prove unfaithful, from her we estimate the whole sex; all are the slaves of vanity and self-interest. Whilst in gloomy subjection to jealousy, a rival appears not so amiable in our sight, as he did when the heart was unaffected. How frequently does terror conceal all the horror of the object that affrighted us!

A man, when agitated by the passions, sees not objects in the same light as when free from their influence; but what is most singular, in the same passion we always see objects in the same manner. Is the soul resigned to joy? An unknown charm seizes upon every object around us, things change in our sight, and become more pleasing, more beautiful than before.

The garden in which a courtier, whilst disgraced, had endeavoured to forget his cares, upon receiving the news of his recall, appears to him as the residence of  
a bene-

a beneficent being, whose hand has withdrawn the veil, which before concealed its beauties from his sight; the flowers appear of nobler hue, of form more agreeable, and of odours more delicious; the air is more sweet, an universal change succeeds, and all the graces are around him.

Is the soul affected with sadness? The contrary ensues; nature is covered with a veil of darkness, its former apparent deformities are enhanced, and every part loses its beauty.

Whatever sentiment may affect us, the sophism of the passions ever exists, the sight of nature ever varies. Is it love? The object of our passion acquires additional charms. Observe an ardent lover, whatever may be the figure of his mistress, every part is beautiful, every part agreeable, all is divine: is she black? She is a sprightly brunette: is she gigantic? She is a majestic beauty: without flesh and meagre to an extreme? She is a delicate nymph, an elegant personage, one of the Graces: should his passion be carried to an excess, this majestic beauty, this sprightly brunette, this delicate nymph is no longer a woman, she becomes an angel in his sight.

Does hatred on the contrary possess the heart? The object of our indignation becomes odious, our enemy, whatever merit  
he

he possesses, is then ill-favoured and detestable. Nothing can prevent objects from being thus affected. When the slighted lover, who regarded his mistress as an angel whilst the strength of his affection continued, ceases to love, instantly the illusion disappears; that amiable aspect which before excited so many pleasing emotions now works no effect: he now, more calm, surveys with astonishment the once object of his love, is surprized at being ever attached to such features. How could I admire her! repeats the lover to himself: what has she so seducing! what are her charms! what her graces! Does he join hatred to indifference? the object changes yet more, the few beauties that remained are obscured, elegance becomes deformity, and, by a kind of prodigy, hatred ever degrades an object as much as love exalts it. Such in general are the delusions of the passions; was I to repeat their many species, I should never conclude.

The prospect of nature ever varies with the passion, and constantly in the same proportion: if this change by degrees, that varies insensibly; if this change at once, that with the velocity of lightning. Thus the sentiment agitating us ever changes the face of nature; like a magician, passion extends its delusion to every object, and never

never allows us to view them but through a borrowed medium. Whence this phenomenon? What this unknown charm, which the passions expand over nature? Whence does love embellish its object? why hatred disfigure it?

Of the authors who have attempted to account for these phenomena, some have attributed it to the imagination, others to the senses.

The first say, "That in love, for example, the imagination represents to us those images which have a relation analogous to the sentiment we experience, that the passionate lover whilst his passion continues, sees not her true image, but a creature of the fancy, and takes the beauty himself stamps thereon to be really that of the object." But if we carefully examine what at that time passes in our minds, we shall be convinced, that this illusion is not the effect of that cause to which it is here attributed; and should this internal feeling not convince us, it would be very easy to be satisfied thereof by the examination of facts.

The shades which the passions expand over objects, ever change together with the passions: do these change by degrees? Those insensibly decay: do these instantaneously? Those follow with the greatest rapidity,

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rapidity. The cause which produced the illusion in this last case, is the same which produced it in all others. It is therefore clear that in this sudden change, the illusion is not the effect of imagination, for no idea enters the soul whilst it continues; the understanding has not time to act, nor the imagination to feign.

Those who attribute these phenomena to an alteration of the senses, produced by the emotions of the mind, are not better supported; for objects ever continue the same; they likewise ever produce on our organs similar impressions, and these impressions are communicated to the soul always in the same manner; our senses admit of no change, and their organic disposition is ever the same. It is therefore evident, that those phenomena have not their cause in the organ which receives this impression, nor in the organ propagating it, but in the soul by which it is received.

The illusions, which the same passion produces, are always the same in all cases; and whether the passion changes by imperceptible degradations or instantaneously, this illusion changes in the same manner; the passion and the illusion gradually decay one after the other. Hence since objects are ever the same, and since the same object changes with the sentiment agitating us, it

is to the passion only that these phenomena are to be imputed. It is love, therefore, that embellishes the idol of our hearts, and lends it its charms without our perceiving it.

But what is the cause of this illusion, of this deceitful charm, which passion expands over objects? If we attentively consider, we shall discover the simple and evident cause of this surprising phenomenon to be in the sentiment we then entertain.

It is evident that the soul sees not external objects out of the body, it does not even see them in the organs of sense but in itself; there is the prospect of nature\*.

Whatever sentiment affects us, the illusion of the passions almost always embellishes or deforms objects, increases or diminishes their impression. On the other part, the impression of objects are confined to the production of agreeable or painful sensations † of different kinds, and every one

\* If you affix a tight ligature to a nerve just above its insertion into a muscle, and afterwards force the point of a lancet into this muscle, it immediately contracts; but the soul is not conscious to this impression: the soul therefore feels not at that time in this muscle.

† The same may be said in regard to the ideas of objects: all these attributes denominated fine, good, pretty, amiable, charming, noble, ugly, frightful, mean, are only ideas agreeable or disagreeable. A lover

one of different degrees, but ever retaining these two characters. These two different kinds of sensations constantly arise in the soul; the one with the sentiment of joy, the other with the sentiment of grief.

Thus the sentiment which the soul experiences whilst affected with any passion, and that which arises from the impression of objects, being analogous, the sentiment resulting from their union must be more violent than either one of these particular sentiments, and so much the more violent, as the passion is more strong and the number of analogous sensations more considerable. But observe, that in every new sensation, this compound sentiment is fully felt, and the soul then supposes it to be the effect of a simple sensation: the understanding, supposing that, to be a particular effect, which is the produce of several causes, attributes to the impression of objects that which should be attributed to the disposition of the soul. It is thus that passion embellishes, deforms, increases, and changes objects; it is thus it expands its shades over nature. I shall render this

lover thinks no woman handsome or amiable, but in proportion as she resembles his mistress; this conformity is the most pleasing attribute another can possess in his estimation.



truth more evident, by applying it to some example.

In every passion a violent sentiment prevails in the soul; in love, for example, it is joy. If, whilst full of this pleasing sentiment, the soul be affected by any agreeable sensation, to the pleasure they yield is joined the internal sentiment agitating us; thus augmented, the pleasure appears more strong, the sensations more agreeable. Thus joy, whilst the soul is affected with love, expands its pleasing influence to the impressions of objects on the soul; thus it embellishes its object, and lends it its charms. Hence in convalescence, the joy of having recovered a good we had lost, gives to the country a more pleasing appearance, and renders a view of it more affecting, than when we are in health. The soul for a long time oppressed by a violent disease, expands upon returning health, and resigns itself entirely to the pleasure of existence; hence springs that delightful sentiment, which yields the agreeable emotion we then experience at the prospect of nature\*.

\* This likewise is the cause why a favour, received from the hand of a tender friend, is more agreeable than when received from the hand of a stranger; and, in a word, why gratuities take such value from the hand which presents them.

If

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If the sentiment, reigning in the soul during the passion, renders the impression of those objects the more strong, which are analogous to it, it must naturally impair that of objects which are the reverse. Hence it is, why in sadness, nature appears covered with a thick veil, and is less agreeable to the sight. This is the cause why jealousy diminishes the deserts of a rival, and why hatred disfigures objects as much as love adorns them\*.

Although the sentiments, arising from passion and sensations, be reciprocally impaired, when they are the reverse of each other, they contribute not to their mutual extinction but when they are of equal force; otherwise the contest is ever to the advantage of the most strong. Thus when our hatred is weak, we find some small merit in our enemy; in slight pains likewise we admit a short interval of pleasure, and in grief that is not excessive, a smile will sometimes escape us.

Although the sentiment resulting from passion and the impression of external objects, be more violent when this passion and this impression are analogous, and more weak when the reverse, it is only so when

\* Such likewise is the cause of these frequent changes of taste for different meats, different odours, and different modes, attributed to habit and custom.

they are moderate; for when either is extremely violent, their respective sentiment absorbs all attention, and reigns alone in the soul. Hence is the cause of that blindness observed in a person strongly affected with any passion. Hence, why fear oftentimes conceals the horror of an object that has terrified us. Hence, why joy affects not a soul overwhelmed with sadness, and why grief is not admitted into an heart, that is already fully possessed by joy.

Passion frequently renders us blind, deaf, insensible, and objects ever take their appearance from the disposition of the soul; but there is something yet more surprising in the illusion of the passions; they cause us to see objects which do not exist. Fear sometimes produces singular deceptions of the sight: it is fear which represents to the credulous the dead rising from their tombs; it is fear, which to the sight of a traveller, wandering, benighted and solitary in a wood, transforms trees into men, presents before his eyes in the midst of obscurity, a multitude of spectres glancing around him, and strikes his ears with the groans of death.

In a fit of enthusiasm, the inspired at times enjoy celestial visions: they converse with angelic beings; a thousand phantoms  
are

are present to their sight as objects really existing.

This phenomenon has for a long time perplexed philosophers; but they succeed not better in their explanation of this, than in that of the preceding; they pretend that “the nervous fluid in this case commands the soul; that particularly in the organ of sight, it successively takes all modifications, representatives of objects which have affected it.” On what, I would willingly know, do they build this strange opinion? By what means are they assured that the fluid of the nerves communicates to the soul the image of objects, without the concurrence of these objects? Is not this a mere supposition? But these sages discover the marvellous in things, which are in themselves the most simple. This phenomenon, which is so singular when these visions are taken for the effect of the impressions of the senses on the soul, is not so when we consider that the prospect of nature is within ourselves. We must seek neither out of ourselves nor in the organs of sense, but in the soul itself, for those monstrous images, for those spectres, those phantoms which the ancients supposed to be departed souls, plaintive shades escaped from *Acheron*, and which modern philo-

sophers regard as sensations re-produced on the senses by the fluid of the nerves.

Whilst preyed on by any violent passion, we extend our regard to the objects surrounding us, but do not perceive them \*, or rather we are unconscious to their impression. Full of the present sentiment, the soul is absorbed by one object, and inattentive to the rest; it cannot then oppose truth to error, illusion is inevitable; for it is only by the attention we give to objects, that we can distinguish in the soul their real impressions from their images re-produced, which the understanding then presents to us, and associates with them. Hence is the reason, why in extreme terror, man cannot compare his sensations with the objects which surround him, or recollect the circumstances causing that which he perceives to be or not to be. Incapable of considering whether these objects be real or only chimeras, he takes the illusory images which present themselves to the mind for objects really existing. It is thus sleep lends to the errors of a dream all the traits of reality: whilst the senses are at rest, and attention is suspended, the images of the objects which have affected us are re-traced in the mind, and with so great

\* This happens in the catalepsy.

exactness,

exactness, that we frequently suppose ourselves to see and hear those who have long since departed to *that bourn whence no traveller returns*. When deep darkness and silence surround us, we sometimes fancy ourselves to see the sun and the light of day, hear sounds, and change from one climate to another; sometimes see the mistress of our heart, hear the melody of her voice, and press her tenderly to our bosom; we again feel the beloved object to escape from our embrace, and so strongly confound fiction with reality, that we undergo violent agitations, extend our arms, fly from our beds, and pursue the empty shade, till we awake, recover our senses, and with regret are undeceived.

Such are the true causes of those singular phenomena, which have so much baffled philosophers, and none yet have been able to explain.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE MEMORY:

The soul may be affected at one time with many sensations, and never but with one idea; but what an immense number of sensations, of sentiments, of ideas, at once are retained in the memory!

As the memory is a faculty purely passive, acting not of itself, all those sensations,

all those ideas, all those sentiments, which are deposited in this magazine, are as non-existent, till the understanding calls them forth to the mind. Without this intellectual power, the memory would be wholly inutile, our thoughts ever effaced one by another, the fruit of experience would be lost to us; and the past being for ever concealed by the present, would be as time which had never been.

We can fix our sensibility and judgment upon any object, but we are not able either to modify in our sensibility the impression of objects, or to form our judgments at will. We can indeed chuse the object we would deposit in the memory, by applying the soul to it with attention, but we cannot modify any thing deposited in the memory, nor exclude that which is once admitted there.

I have demonstrated how this faculty, combined with sensibility, understanding and will, becomes *recollection* and *remembrance*: I shall not here repeat what I have said elsewhere upon this subject, but confine myself to observations of a different kind.

The exercise of the memory depends on the understanding; these two faculties in this respect are subject to the same laws. It is only by aid of some relations of the  
present

present sensations and ideas to those which are past, that these latter are re-traced in the mind. In deliriums, in folly, in dreams, where every thing appears unconnected and in disorder, the renewing of our sensations and ideas is perfected only by the assistance of analogy, as when we are awake, notwithstanding their connections be not perceived; for whatever things we recollect have some relation to the subsequent or preceding.

Sensations and sentiments are always more active in the instant we receive them, than when returned from the memory; hence the passions derive their force, their object being present to them.

With an heart full of resentment did Coriolanus march against his country, no obstacle could restrain him; threats or intreaties were in vain, he sat down to besiege Rome. At sight of this his native city, the idea of the injuries his fellow-citizens had done him, arose with new energy in his mind. His rage was inflamed, he breathed only revenge, and he hastened to carry fire and sword into the bowels of his country. Whilst these emotions prevailed, his mother, his wife, his children present themselves before him in tears; the sight of these beloved objects instantly awaken in his heart the sentiments of tenderness, which had before subsided to



rage; his resolution gave way, every sentiment of hatred became extinct, and to the cruel pleasure of revenge succeeded the love of his family, his friends and his Gods.

A thousand other examples of this kind, yet more convincive might be offered. If to the man who has long lived with adversity, fortune suddenly becomes propitious; upon hearing of this change scarcely can he restrain his joy; during the long interval that detains him from the possession of his treasure, his imagination is incessantly engaged with the pleasures he promises to himself; he can enjoy no rest, no repose: observe how his eyes glisten at the sight of the sacred metal; seized with extreme joy, the emotions affecting him can no longer be confined in the soul; they appear, notwithstanding his efforts, in rapid motions and excessive transports!

To a criminal capitally condemned, fear continually increases; his inquietudes gather strength as the hours revolve, and the fatal instant approaches: brought to the instrument of death, he trembles with horror at the prospect of what he is to undergo, his blood congeals in its vessels, and his organs are enervated with fear.

The passions derive their force from the presence of their object. It is this law which causes so many projects to expire in birth,

birth, renders so many secret resolutions abortive, and restrains all severity of discourse when the tyrant appears. It is this increases the agonies of a sinner and the delights of a penitent, the nearer they approach the great day of account. Hence the impression of objects, so strong when first it is received, being transmitted to the memory gradually decays, in proportion to the interval which passes from the instant it is received, to the moment of its recollection. Time which destroys every thing seems to have the same effect on our souls; sensations, sentiments, ideas, like characters sculptured on marble, are gradually obliterated, and with age decay.

OF THE EXERCISE OF THE WILL.

We can fix our sensibility on any object, we can select those we will to deposit in the memory and apply the understanding to the consideration of any at pleasure; all the faculties of the soul are therefore in this respect dependent on the will.

The same laws appear in the regular exercise of these faculties, as are observed in the voluntary and automaton motions of the body; the soul can employ them in any determinate design, can attend at pleasure to any chosen object, and requires only  
a simple

a simple determination of the will to continue this attention. Sensibility, memory, and understanding in certain respects depend on the will, but this is in its turn subject to sensibility. Examine the will in any relation you please, you will ever find it to be directed by the sentiment, by the love of pleasure and aversion to pain, even when it appears to seek this, and renounce the other.

Love of well-being ! Desire of felicity ! by you the misfortunate feel the vanity of this life ; you arm his hand with the instruments of rage, and turn them against himself. You excite the fanatics of devotion to fastings, mortifications and privations of every kind ; from you is received that sacred ardor by which they resolutely shed the blood of their own bodies, and expire in the agonies of self-inflicted torments.

All our faculties therefore differently depend one on the other. Sensibility, ever subject to the impression of external objects, is sometimes influenced by the will. Memory has for its basis the sensations and ideas, and never develops without the aid of sensibility and the understanding. The understanding ever requires the concurrence of sensibility, of memory, and frequently of the will. The will likewise is itself  
subject

subject to sentiment. Such is the connection of our intellectual faculties; a connection the most admirable, whereby these different powers unite in the same operations, in a manner so gentle, so imperceptible, that the assistance of art is necessary to the perception of it.

PARTICULAR OBSERVATIONS ON OUR  
SENSATIONS.

I have observed that there may be many moderate sensations in the soul at one time, but never more than one extremely active. The force of this therefore must be much greater, than the combined force of the others. It is not because their multiplicity impairs the sensitive principle, and that they really acquire force in proportion as their number is diminished; but because a very strong sensation occupies the entire soul, and wholly engages its attention: at that time the others are of no effect, they undoubtedly are transmitted to the soul, but are not received there. Hence the less sensibility is divided between different sensations; the greater is the force of each particular one. The sensations, therefore, must be unconnected to retain their full power.

It

It is not so with the sentiments of joy and sadness, which are produced in the soul by these sensations. In the concurrence of analogous sensations which together affect the soul, their union produces the most powerful effects; for the second object which the soul discovers, assists to the pleasure produced by the first, and this pleasure is yet farther increased by the charms of the new object which succeeds it. The more these sensations are multiplied, the sentiment formed from their combination must be the more strong; the soul being at once affected in many different parts.

A tempest strikes the spectator with horror, but this horror is much increased if in the same tempest the atmosphere appears on fire, if the winds are in their fury, and the thunder rolling over the concave of heaven.

The prospect of a fine country, illuminated by the setting sun, and gilded with his departing rays in the evening of a serene day, imparts joy to the soul; the coolness of the air, the pleasing melody of the birds, the murmur of a gently flowing stream, the odour of flowers and easy motion of the zephyrs, farther contribute to the pleasure of the scene, and wholly engage the heart.

In

In the Pleasing, as in the Terrible, the concurrence of analogous sensations compose all that is magnificent in the scene, and the irregular assemblage of pleasing and frightful objects, together with the variegation of the whole, forms an engaging prospect which charms the heart, or terrifies the soul by the senses.

We have seen that different sensations must be unconnected to produce their full effort; but by a singular phenomenon, the united force of the analogous sensations, which at the same time affect the soul, is incomparably greater than that of the same sensations when they act singly. In the enchanting prospect of a fine landscape at sun-rising, not only every new object, every new sensation is aiding to the pleasure produced by the others; but what is more to be admired, is, that every sensation becomes more intense, and every object is embellished with the charms of that which succeeds it; the odour of flowers renders their colour more agreeable, and the sweet breathing of Zephyrus, adds harmony to the chant of birds. Each of these sensations therefore acquire force by their union and mutual concurrence. The cause of this phenomenon is very simple; for to the pleasure produced by one, is united that of the others. The sentiment of pleasure,  
formed

formed from these particular sentiments must then be more powerful, and the impression of the sensation more efficacious, as I have proved elsewhere. Analogous sensations therefore gain by their union, so much as the contrary lose thereby. Hence is the reason why wine is more pleasing, if besides its flavour, it be of a brilliant colour, and yet more agreeable, if received from a vessel of chrystal than from a vessel of stone. Hence is the cause why in places of public entertainment, the defect of decoration renders the performance less interesting, and long used dresses degrade the merit of the actors, and the excellency of the enjoyment.

#### OF THE FORCE OF THE PASSIONS.

The source of every passion is the love of self, and this sentiment is of equal force in every individual; for nothing can be conceived superior to that love which every one entertains for himself: this sentiment has likewise the same degree of force in every individual; a man never preferring another to himself. The passions, however, are not of equal force or equal activity in every person; as they derive not their power from their source but from sensibility, by which both pleasure and pain is computed.

If

If it be a law of nature to love that which is beneficial to us, and to hate that which is hurtful, it likewise is a law to love or hate these objects in proportion to the good or the ill they do us. The force of the passions is then proportionate in every individual to his sensibility; but that is not the only cause of their difference; their force varies likewise with the nature of their objects.

Every passion is a devouring fire which carries its heat into the soul, and animates it with new vigour; but to the factitious passions only is owing all the energy and power of the soul. That voluptuous emotion which renders one sex necessary to the other, is gentle \* and moderate in the state of nature; that is, when imagination is excluded, the lustful ardour which renders that peaceful animal the stag, furious, is not perceived in man. Is the body surcharged with prolific fluid? Man has a strong sense of the impulse of nature; he resigns himself wholly to pleasure, but is never furious. It is only when the moral of this passion is joined to that impulse of nature; it is only when the imagination,

\* Let us not confound love in the state of nature with factitious love, wherein the senses are inflamed by the imagination, yet without being determined exclusively to any object.



finding in the object those ideas of beauty and merit which we make to ourselves, that it increases the allurements of the object, and indicates our sovereign good in the possession of it; the sentiment of love by this means becomes an immoderate passion. Like a devouring fire, it incessantly feeds on him who is possessed by it, prompts him to endure every kind of evil, to encounter all dangers, and to spill even his blood for its satisfaction: so that this terrible passion appears in its fury proper only to destroy the human race, which it is destined to preserve.

The other sensual passions are not more violent than love, as it is in the state of nature; easy to be repressed, they require but little for their gratification\*: whilst the greatest prodigies have been produced by the factitious. It was the love of glory, that produced those

\* Neither let us confound the fear of death, which ever accompanies the want of aliments, with the pleasure of satisfying hunger. This pleasure could not engage man to suffer the slightest pain, or expose himself to the least danger: the fear of death, on the contrary, exposes him frequently to a thousand dangers in order to avoid it. In public calamities, in a siege where the most extreme famine prevails, there is nothing the sufferers would not sacrifice to procure bread, they would be happy even with the power of buying it at the price of all they possess.

ancient heroes, whose actions so greatly astonish us, *Regulus*, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, *Gengiscan*, and those yet more surprising, *Zeno*, *Socrates* and *Diogenes*. It was the love of glory that caused them to sacrifice all the pleasures of life, to pass their days in the painful exercise of the most austere duties, incessantly exercising their souls with patience, and continuing it ever prepared for the strokes of adverse fortune.

It was the *Amor Patriæ* that instigated the *Decii*, the *Curii*, the *Camilli*, to devote themselves for its preservation. It was this love that prompted *Aristides*, the pacific and the just, to the most uncommon moderation: for this he respected the liberty of his fellow-citizens, when it was in his power to have enslaved them; for this he determined to be equal to others when he might have been supreme; for this he incessantly obeyed the laws of rigid virtue, and preserved through the course of a long life the greatest purity of mind. To this love, we owe the incorruptible virtue of *Cato*, *Cato* the image of the Gods, the enemy of tyranny, and the guardian of his country; for this he undertook the cause of expiring liberty after the death of *Pompey*, seized the torch of war, and revived the drooping spirits of the people; for this he replaced the sword in their trembling

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hands,

hands, practised them in the exercise of arms, and fought succour for his country in regions till then unknown ; for this he traversed frightful deserts, notwithstanding the greatest dangers and most extreme fatigue, supported singly all the burden of civil war, without any desire of reigning : Cato, the motive of all whose actions was the love of his country and of liberty, ever regardless of his own interest, and watchful of that of the public, yielded to grief, when he perceived his efforts to be vain ; but grief being insufficient to destroy him, he had recourse to the sword ; he pierced his side, and tore out his own bowels, that he might not be the sad witness of his country enslaved !

The fictitious passions produced all those great actions, where eclat dazzles our imperfect sight, all those great personages, worthy of adoration, whose surprising actions to us appear fabulous, since virtue is no longer esteemed.

#### ON THE COMBINATION OF THE PASSIONS.

Every passion is founded on the love of pleasure and hatred of pain, sentiments common to every man ; the same soul is therefore susceptible of every passion indiscriminately, yet they all cannot prevail at

*On the Combination of the Passions.* 99

once; there are some which exclude each other reciprocally; avarice excludes love of pomp, and the love of glory that of repose.

There is never at the same time more than one passion predominant in the soul, though the soul be frequently divided by many different passions: but the greater is the number of these passions \*, the less is the force of any particular one. Not that the sensibility of the soul is divided by their multiplicity, for each one acting separately occupies the soul entire; but as these passions act in succession, neither of them has time to make any strong impression thereon. It is the imagination that paints the object desired, it is the imagination that embellishes the idol of our hearts, and incessantly improves it with new charms; by degrees the eclat with which we have adorned it, dazzles the sight and seduces ourselves; in the end, we foolishly adore the work of our own hands, we sigh to possess this chimera, and consume life in the pursuit of it.

Desire is formed in the soul, when the understanding has perceived the relations between the possession of an object and our happiness; but it decays not immediately

\* This must be understood of the fictitious passions only.

after its formation, it even continues awhile without incommoding our thoughts.

Our desires are reciprocally combined in different manners, according to their analogy and diversity. The passions which result from objects unconnected, act in succession, the mind passes from one to another, however imperceptible this transition may be; the soul is then divided between contrary emotions, and this action is weakened thereby.

Did you never observe the pain a lover feels, upon quitting his mistress to join the army and engage in war? such as the poet represents the departure of *Achilles* from *Deidamia* to the siege of *Troy*: agitated by contrary emotions his soul long wavered betwixt love and glory; he at length departed, but with grief, and in a manner which evidently demonstrated his irresolution.

Contrary passions arising in the mind reciprocally weaken each other. Thus in questions, relating to probability, persuasion but little prevails when the understanding is divided by contrary ideas. But in the succession of analogous passions, the sentiment succeeding concurs with that which is already acting on the heart, and their united action communicates a double impression to the soul.

Whilst

Whilst Rome was yet free, whilst her walls included citizens, rich with the spoils of vanquished nations, the love of liberty and glory, together with the desire of preserving the riches they had acquired, was the source of the superior courage of the Romans \*.

What a triumph for the young Samnites, to be at once the objects of public honours, and of the desires of beauty! how energetic the love of glory (a sentiment so powerful and so delicate, which unites the love of beauty, grandeur and sublimity, to all the energy of self-love †) when increased by all the allurements of pleasure?

The force of the passions, ever proportionate to the degree of sensibility, is therefore increased by the union of analogous passions, and the more so in proportion as the greater is the number of those sentiments which are collected into one only. Thus a torrent whose waters divided flow with a gentle motion, when they unite in the same channel, rush onward with the

\* When the profession of a soldier was the exclusive right of a common citizen, the rich soldiers ever distinguished themselves the most, their hazard being greater than that of others. In a word, the risk of life was common, that of goods particular.

† This is the cause why self-love, piqued at being rejected by the object beloved, increases our love for that object.

greatest impetuosity ; its waves beat furiously upon the rocks, its foamy surge is repelled to a great highth in the air, and every obstacle in its fury is subversed.

#### THE DURATION OF THE PASSIONS.

If we distinguish the emotions of the soul by their duration, we shall find every sensual passion to be momentary, and every fictitious passion to be lasting.

When love is no more than the voluptuous emotion which inclines one sex to the other, it is periodical, and felt only when the body is surcharged with prolific fluid ; man therefore awaits the impulse of nature ere he resigns thereto ; his want being satisfied, he has no longer desire, love is extinct. The duration of pleasure is only for the imagination, not for the senses, however ardent those of lovers may be. During their short delirium, their greedy eyes, their impatient hands, know not which charm to select ; in the moment of enjoyment they clasp with extreme ardour the object of their desires, and in an universal tremor, impress the most passionate kisses : at the access of that delicious sensation, the summit of pleasure, their transports how greatly increased ! their embraces how furious ! their souls over-powered with excessive

cessive pleasure, meet on their eager lips, press upon each other, and endeavour to unite. Soon as the prolific fluid is ejected, the fires which before consumed them languish and decay; but recalled to pleasure by new desires, again they kindle, and again love overwhelms the soul: after a few repetitions of this phrenzy, a few moments enjoyed in fluttering from flower to flower, a frigid languor succeeds, and the happy pair without passions, without desires, sigh for repose, and are eager to depart.

How different when imagination lends charms to love! when the beauties of the object beloved are exaggerated in the lover's eyes; when imagination represents his mistress the perfect model of every excellence, and indicates, that his greatest felicity consists in the possession of her; the lover becomes an enthusiast, an internal fire is lighted up within him which continues unextinguished for years. Should he at length enjoy his beloved, the tender emotions of his heart continue after enjoyment, the charm remains when the delirium of the senses is no more. Most refined charm! most delicious sentiment! which produced by admiration, and nurtured by esteem and respect, forms a durable band that age cannot unloose.



When cruel destiny has deprived a tender mistress of her lover, her wounded heart demands him from Heaven; in the excess of her grief she attaches herself to his shade, moistens his cold remains with her tears, and presses to her mournful bosom the urn in which they are inclosed.

The duration of the passions is likewise relative to their degree of force; for the succession of sentiments is ever in proportion to their vivacity, as is that of physical sensations. This is evident from the predominant passion, that furious despot which reigns imperiously in the soul, and tyrannizes there a long series of years, even till the body drops into the grave.

#### OF THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

Deprive man of the desire of happiness, the love of pleasure and aversion to pain, he is easy with the present, unconcerned for the future, and devoid of care; he will trouble himself neither to think nor reflect; and having no interest to prompt him, will continue inactive, and his soul become lethargic. The passions are the life of the soul, the soul of the moral world; the passions impart motion to our faculties, and render every sensible being active. It is aversion to pain that rouses animals  
from

from their repose, and prompts them to seek for food, the horse the green herb, and man his prey. It is the love of pleasure that excites every animal to delight in the society of his own species, that impels the sexes to seek each other and unite. It is the love of gold that tempts man to hazard the fury of the waves, allures him across immense oceans, and is the incentive of his continual toils to amass it. It is the love of glory that warms the heart of the philosopher and hero, prompts them to consume life, the one in the search of wisdom, the other in the toilsome exercise of virtue. It is the thirst of fame, ambition, avarice, fear, love, hatred, or all these passions united, that entice men to arms, inflame them with an insane ardor, incite in them a love of fighting, hurry them precipitately one upon another, fire and sword in hand, and strew the earth with bodies glutted with slaughter.

Like an impetuous wind the passions raise their voice, impell man to action, and incessantly determine his will, notwithstanding the allurements of repose which tend to continue him inactive.

## THE ABSURD OPINION OF PHILOSOPHERS ON THE FORCE OF THE SOUL.

The life of the soul is the being animated with the passions; the force of the soul consists in repressing and subjecting them to reason; but in what manner does the soul command them? Hear the philosopher, “Two principles prevail in man; passions to excite and reason to controul him; this governs, that animates him; the passions impell the soul to action, reason directs it and represses them; by this the passions are restrained, and the soul is predominant.”

Vain declamation! let these philosophers make of the passions and reason two contrary principles; let them oppose, so much as they please, the one to the other, yet they will never discover in tranquil reason a counterpoise to the impetuosity of desire and vivacity of sentiment.

To conquer a passion, nay, even to will it, the soul must consider and examine the reasons why to act and why to refrain; it must shew the superior advantage of rest to action; but as the impulses of sentiment are rapid, so the arguments of reason proceed but slowly, and the passions prevail before man can deliberate on what he has  
to

to do. For the paffions feel the prefent good, and reafon only forefees in the confequence the good which is to come : the objects of the paffions ftrongly affect us, they being prefent to the fight, whilft thofe of reafon are impaired by being remote, and ever cede to the preceding.

O reafon ! reafon ! the fo much boasted refource of the wife, what can thy feeble voice prevail againft the impetuous violence of the paffions ? What can it effect on a foul in defpair, or resigned to the fury of the fenses ? As thy affiftance appears to be fo weak, let me doubt if thou at that time canft adminifter any.

When the voice of the paffions is heard, attention is wholly engroffed thereby \* : *Ulyffes*, the fage *Ulyffes*, fpent his days in dalliance in the arms of *Circe* ; voluptuoufnefs caufed him to forget his Penelope, his Telemachus and Ithaca, his people, his glory and his duties ; nor till the delirium had paffed away, and his paffion was cloyed with enjoyment, did the image of his wife, of his family, his fubjects, arife in his mind : it was only when the voice of the paffions was repressed, that that of reafon could be heard ; that his heart returned to

\* See p. 58. Art. on the Exercife of the Underftanding.

duty,

duty, and was disposed to re-enter the long-forsaken paths of wisdom.

When affected with the tumultuous passions, the soul does not reflect, nor can the voice of reason be heard †: like a pilot in a vessel that has lost its anchor, and is driven full sail at the mercy of the winds; overcome by the fury of the tempest he abandons the helm, and lets it drive, himself a useless incumbrance aboard that which he can no longer direct.

Such, Reason, is thy boasted power! Wisdom, how vain! leaving man defenceless in time of danger, thou givest him assistance only when it is not required.

In the impetuous passions, the soul, being unable to oppose, makes no resistance, tranquil reason is silent; or if it retain the least activity, it serves only to augment the power of the other. Fixed upon present pleasure, as the acting sentiment, it is seduced by the allurements of voluptuousness, and acts in concert with it, having the same object in view. A docile slave during the tempest, and when the storm is assuaged, instead of relieving our misfortunes, joins its voice with the sentiments of our evils, and assists to depress the heart. As a powerless friend in time of danger, it abandons us in necessity, unites with the enemy, and returns not but

† See the same article.

to add to our shame after a defeat. Thus ever applauding, or slowly censuring, it can only approve of our errors \*, or punish them with useless remorse. Thus the soul being unprotected against the passions, is carried away by their violence, and man is necessitated to surrender to sentiment. The empire of Reason therefore consists in having no passions either to repress or subdue.

To how little this power of the soul is reduced ! how trivial this prerogative in which philosophers have so greatly exulted !

TRUE IDEAS OF THE FORCE OF THE  
SOUL.

In the career of human life, wherein man is so variously affected, the passions only are the principle of his actions ; but it is not action which constitutes the force of the soul, it is the resistance which the soul opposes to the passions.

Who then is endowed with force of soul ? Not the boisterous Achilles, regardless of every danger ; not the ardent Alexander, who traversed the globe with fire and sword, subdued myriads of mankind ; not the austere Cato, who tore open his own body, and drew out his entrails with

\* See p. 73. art. The Explanation of different Phenomena, the Effects of the Passions on the Understanding.

his hands\*: equally defenceless against their passions, they all submitted to them, this to grief, that to voluptuousness, and the other to ambition. The man that despises pain and pleasure, that considers danger without fear, that receives with indifference the strokes of adverse fortune, and sustains them without effort; he, I say, is endowed with force of soul. In morals, as in physics, we distinguish force into active and passive; but distinguish ever so frequent the faculties of the soul from each other, and the soul itself from the faculties; these two kinds of power will be never perceived in man; we shall indeed perceive a moving power, (the sentiment), but no counterpoise. It is not that the impetuosity of the passions cannot be repressed; it can be without doubt, by opposing one to the other; that is, by subjecting the soul to many, in order to deliver it from the tyranny of one. Men therefore, being thus the feeble sport of his passions, is incessantly necessitated to submit to their tyranny, as a slave condemned to servitude without the hopes of relief, ever fluctuating between different

\* Every person committing suicide, desires only to remove the sight of his miseries, which he cannot endure with patience. Death is not an object of fear to him, it is life only.

*Of the feigned Force of the Soul.* III

masters, and not having even the choice of his chains.

Let us then conclude, that if the force of the soul consists in commanding our passions, there is not, properly speaking, any man endued therewith; whatever is arranged under that head is absurd; for to destroy the empire of the passions, we must destroy sensibility itself.

OF THE FEIGNED FORCE OF THE SOUL.

“ *Socrates*, that calmly drank the bowl  
“ of poison; *Seneca*, that expired in the  
“ bath, conversing with his friends; *Zeno*,  
“ that equally resisted pleasure and pain,  
“ that refused himself every thing which  
“ might enervate the soul, were they not  
“ endued with this force?” Do you suppose  
these sages did not act forced parts? Do  
you believe that *Socrates* or *Seneca* met  
death without trembling? From the bitter  
reproaches the one vented on the tyrant,  
that had commanded his execution,  
is it not evident that he yielded un-  
willingly to his destiny? And when the  
other would not debate himself to plead,  
when his soul, prepared by the continual  
exercise of wisdom, would not give that  
mark of timidity, who can believe that  
*Socrates* did not act a borrowed part? He  
endeavoured indeed to conceal his real feel-  
ings



ings with an air of serenity and an unfaltering voice; but his soul fluttered within him, and his trouble must have appeared, notwithstanding this vain disguise, to a discerning spectator. The prospect of a painful death will ever strike us with terror; no man can survey it with a dry and steady eye: though possessed with the blackest despair, though determined upon suicide, the wretch cannot turn his arm against himself, he hesitates and cannot depart; again he warms his mind with the ideas of his sufferings, a favourable moment succeeds, and transports him; even then he reverts his face whilst striking the stroke of death.

The force of the passions is proportionate to the degree of sensibility, and sensibility is known but by the force of the passions. When the heart is free from every connection, and all sensibility is concentrated in the mind, man appears insensible; he can even believe himself to be so.

When the object of the passion affecting the soul be such, that it may be enjoyed in silence, as that of pride, man even then appears insensible; but 'tis to others only, for his sensibility is not unknown to himself. We cannot perceive the passions of others but by their exterior appearance, yet they exist nevertheless by not being conspicuous. What would be the principle of human actions,

actions, if not some sensation or some sentiment? What motive taken from its own proper foundation could calm wisdom or tranquil reason supply?

With the art of restraining the passions by arming the one against the other, of forming, if so to express myself, the field of battle in the heart, man has found that of balancing the soul, of preserving it in an equilibrium, to conceal his trouble with a serene outside, and to imitate that true calm of the heart which is the effect of insensibility externally, he appears tranquil, but trouble is raging within. Thus *Camillus* concealed his resentment with the love of his country; *Fabius* the thirst of fame, and *Decius* the love of life. Thus the austere stoick, transported with the love of glory, conceals under an haughty indifference and disdainful gravity the love of pleasure and aversion to pain.

It was not force of soul that prevented *Socrates* from revealing his trouble, and venting his tears,—it was pride. After so many past efforts, he must sustain his character to the last, make a virtue of necessity, and terminate victoriously a life so abounding with conflicts.

“ The whole universe turn their eyes  
“ upon thee, be careful of thy glory So-  
“ crates; thy long life has been consumed

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“ in making a parade of sustaining adversity with resolution ; O grief be thou repressed, deprive me not at my exit from life of the sole reward of my constancy ! ” Such said *Socrates* silently to himself, and such would he have spoken aloud had he dared.

Whatever man can do, it will be in vain for him to pretend to be exempt from fear, and free from the yoke of the passions ; he obeys them incessantly without perceiving it, even at the time he is indulging his triumph.

When *Diogenes* crowned himself with his own hands at the Isthmian games, and proclaimed himself superior to pleasure and every human vanity, he was the slave of pride.

Let us then conclude that the force of the soul is a quality purely apparent, is often even weakness under the mask of strength. Such this so much boasted virtue,—fallacious virtue, in which the shadow is often substituted for the body, and the appearance for the reality.

Man is incessantly the slave of his passions ; however, in this universal servitude, all men are not of equal degree ; their subjection is ever in proportion as the passions are more violent, as they have the greater number of connections, and as their con-

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impressions;) their  
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is more surprizing, those sages  
renowned, those who pretend to  
force of mind, are really the  
of men. During the time they  
believe themselves to be superior to every  
passion, and are boasting of their victory,  
they are subject to the most imperious  
masters; for reason can never counter-  
balance one sentiment but by an opposite  
one, or repress a weaker passion but by a  
stronger; that is, to free the soul from one  
kind of servitude, and subject it to another  
more severe.

THE END.



